



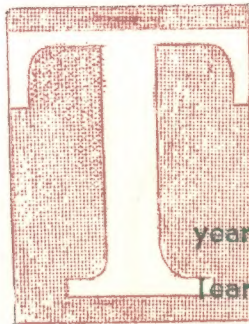
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BUCK'S
ROCK
WORK
CAMP



ork produces virtue

THIS YEAR BOOK IS PUBLISHED ANNUALLY AT THE



his year at Buck's Rock, as every year, we have pursued many activities and learned many things that were new to us. We shall want to keep these memories always - the discussions of the world, the intimacy of folk-singing, the working together and playing together. For this purpose we have composed this yearbook.

Sometimes when it's hard to express our feelings and say what we want, we turn to well-known phrases to do this for us. This year in our yearbook we are using proverbs to say for us the things we want to remember but cannot so aptly say.

BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD CONNECTICUT

cover designed by stuart wurtzel

silk screens cut by winnie winston

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SUE BERMAN
 RICHARD TRAUM
 JIM LEHRICH
 BERT KLEINMAN

Committee:
 DON RASKIN, chairman
 ELLEN DIAMOND
 SUSI WILLNER

ART LAUFER
 ELLY WILE

WINNIE WINSTON



Once again, we come to the end of a summer. For the past eight weeks, you have experienced the pleasure of living together with people of your own generation. Many of you have made new friends; some of you have discovered new talents within yourselves; others have found a new approach to themselves and each other.

We have tried to show you that there is no magic formula on how to become a happy, successful human being We tried to make you see that one cannot achieve this by wishing for it, or by saying: I want it, just as you order an ice-cream in a soda-fountain. You have to strive for it, work for it, fight for it.

By constantly pointing out to you the importance of doing your best, we hoped to give you a sense of your own value One needs this in a world of reality. When you have a true sense of your own value and respect for the efforts of others, you can face life with pride and dignity.

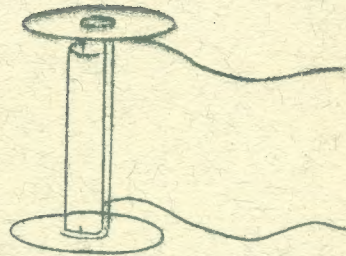
We tried to encourage you to use Buck's Rock as a testing

ground for the future, not only in your work, but in your personal relationships, as well.... Human beings need each other; therefore, we should find each other, and you can only do this by understanding each other. The give and take of everyday life can be a rewarding and rich experience that can be a part of your life, as long as you live.... Just as you enjoy the eternal beauty of nature, so you should open your hearts to the joy of knowing and understanding human beings....

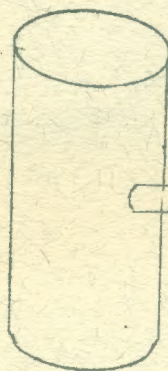
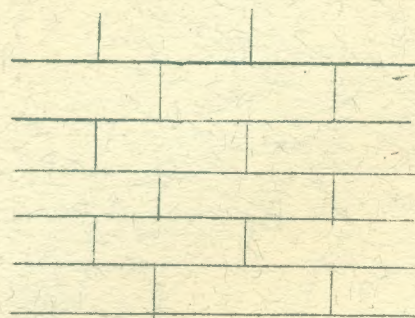
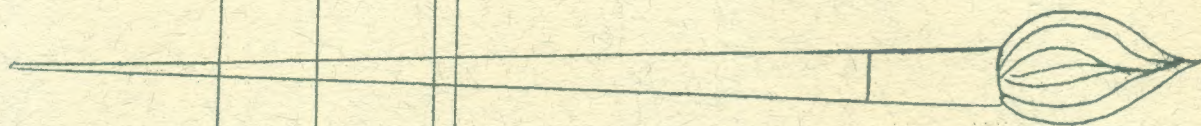
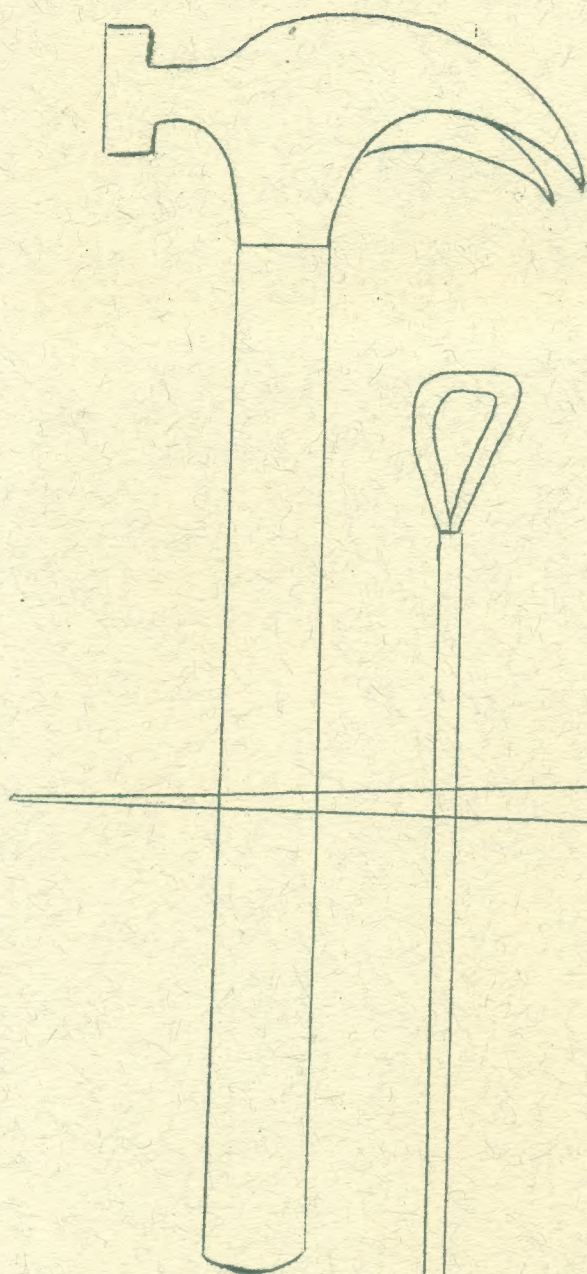
Our festival brought you the opportunity to experience the inner satisfaction of presenting a communal effort to the outside world. Each of you joined in the preparations for this day, by contributing whatever you had to offer, to the best of your ability.... Each of you wanted to show your parents, your friends the results of your efforts at Buck's Rock. The things you accomplished during the summer, whether it was a vegetable grown in the garden or a piece of pottery made in the kiln, filled you with a justifiable pride, not only for your combined efforts, but for BUCK'S ROCK, as well. You wanted everyone to admire and appreciate Buck's Rock, just as you will want to present other communal efforts to the world, during the rest of your lives.... This same principle of communal pride will make you a good citizen, a good neighbor, a good friend.

In the years to come, these days at Buck's Rock will become a memory, which you will carry within yourselves. Only you will know what you remember, just as only you will know if you have done your best.... Keep trying, just as you tried this summer.... Know that the world is full of human beings, who are trying, just as you are trying.... Encourage each other, help each other, find each other, and in doing this, you will find the world of maturity just as friendly a place as you found Buck's Rock.

Ernst



men's best friends are
his ten fingers.....



R n
p i t

s p h



he big shop display held in the Social Hall at Festival every year, is always extremely impressive. It is a display of the creative efforts of those who worked in the shops, an accumulation of the talent which was brought to light in so many people. To many of us, the exhibition may seem like the most important part of the summer's work, but it really isn't. What we see there is the climax of the work rather than the development. What is more important is the production of an idea, the growth of a sketch into a finished piece of work. It is the sharing of the excitement of this growth and production that is the essential spirit in the shops. Everyone delights in the changes and improvements in his friend's work. That is why the day to day improvement of a project in the shops has so much more meaning than the summation of the work. With this improving, changing, and development, comes real learning -- the object in life.

MERI SCHACHTER

OUR SHOPS

new woodshop
under construction

weaving shop
at girls' annex

ceramic porch

kilns

ceramic shop

silk
screening

woodcuts

sculpture

painting

bathroom

photo shop

bathrm

art shop

dark
room

screen printing

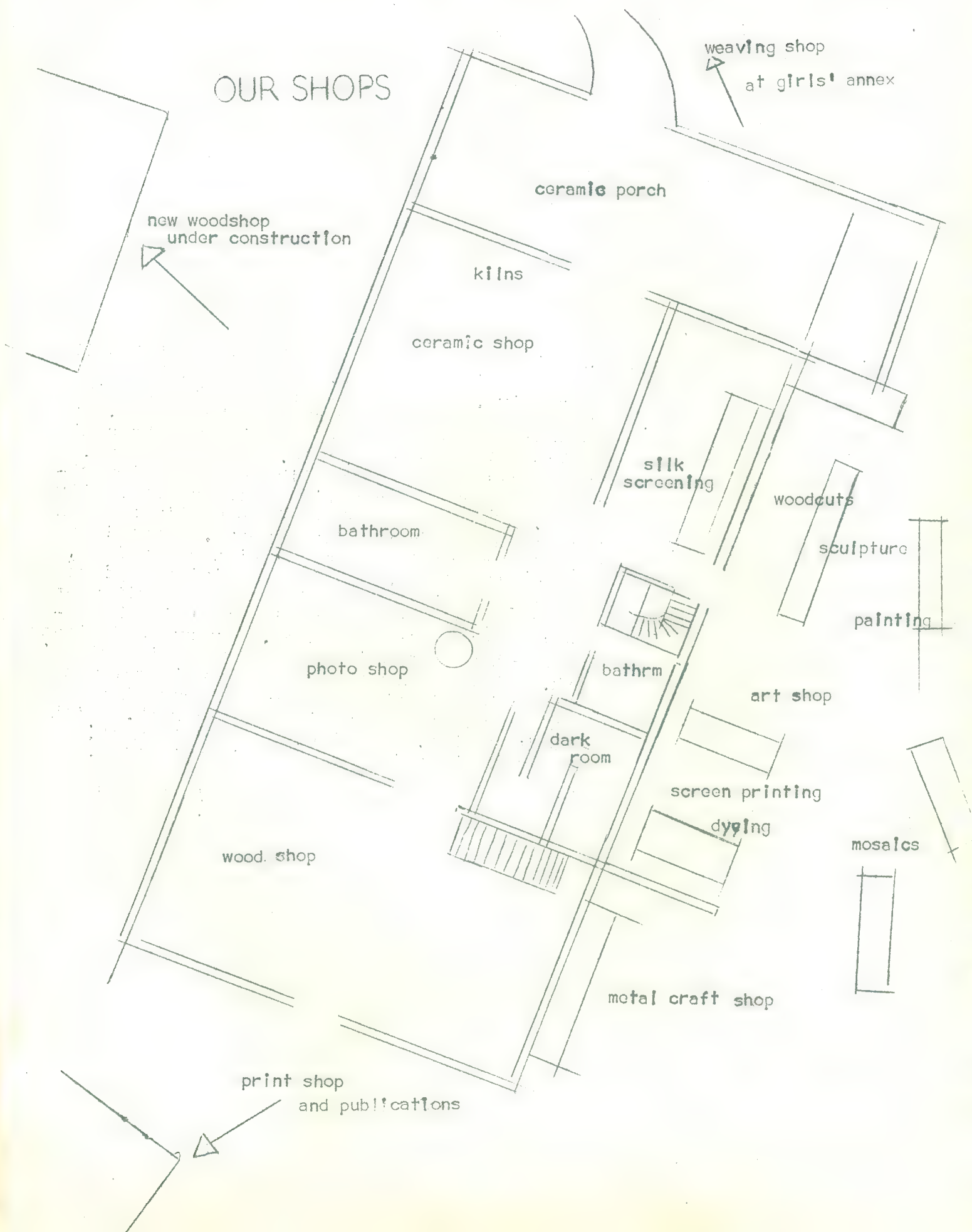
dyeing

mosaics

wood. shop

metal craft shop

print shop
and publications



ART

EMELYN GAROFALO

C.I.T.'s

LINDA BERWITZ

JACK AND PHOEBE
SONENBERG

SUSI WILLNER

GEORGE MARCUS

CERAMIC

HARRY ALLAN

C.I.T.'s

ARTHUR LINDO

JEFF SCHLANGER

ANN WIKLER

MER! SCHACHTER

J.C. RONA ZALL

PHOTO

MARTIN WEISS

C.I.T.'s

MIKE BAKER

GEORGE WEISZ

STAN GOTTLIEB

ARTHUR LAUFER

PRINT

JIM LEHRICH

C.I.T.'s

ADELE WEISS

MIKE JACOBS

ELLEN DIAMOND

HANK BERG

JULIA WINSTON

JANE LASHINS

MARTY LOWY

J.C. PETER YAMEN

DON RASKIN

SHOP PEOPLE

CONSTRUCTION

BOB BENSON

J.C.'s

STEVE GOLDSTEIN

PETER CONN

TERRY STOLLER

DAVID DOBKIN

JONNY WALLACH

C.I.T.'s

ALAN KAHN

PETER BAY

ELLIOT LEHRMAN

STAN GOTTLIEB

SETH GOLDSTEIN

WEAVING

ELSA WALBERG

WOOD

PETER GAROFALO

C.I.T.'s

MIKE JACOBS

HARRY ROSENSWEIG

ALAN BLANK

METAL

LEAH ZELIGER

C.I.T.'s

SUE WALLENSTEIN

GLAZING

VASES. BOWLS TILES ASH TRAYS
SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS PITCHERS GLASSES
SCULPTURES CANDLE HOLDERS BUILT UP POTTERY EGG CUPS

SILK SCREENING DRAPERIES SKIRTS STATIONERY
PLACE MATS BATIQUE DYEING SCARFS TIE DYEING
WOOD CUTS PLASTER SCULPTURE MOSAICS OIL PAINTING
STAGE SETS SCENERY STAINED GLASS
WATER COLOR LIFE DRAWING SKETCH CLASSES

RINGS EARRINGS PINS BRACELETS TRAYS
SALAD FORKS AND SPOONS MOBILES COPPER ENAMELING
TIE PINS SILVER..BRASS COPPER
SOLDERING ETCHING BENDING
EXPERIMENTATION IN MATERIALS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR WEEDER'S DIGEST AND YEARBOOK

POSTCARD PICTURES ON SALE

remember the

GROUP PICTURES EXHIBITION PHOTOS
PHOTO TRIPS ENLARGING
DEVELOPING

WEEDER'S DIGEST YEARBOOK

PRINTING OF STATIONERY POSTCARDS INFORMALS
NAPKINS

CREATIVE WRITING MAGAZINE ALL KINDS OF MIMEOGRAPHING

BOWLS CARVING BOARDS DISHES LAMPS JIG SAW PUZZLES
PUPPETS STAGE SETS BENCHES
TURNING BOWLS ON LATHE CABINETS
ALL PERSONAL CARPENTRY BOOK RACKS BOOK CASES

OCTOPUSES..OF COURSE

in the ceramic shop

in the art shop

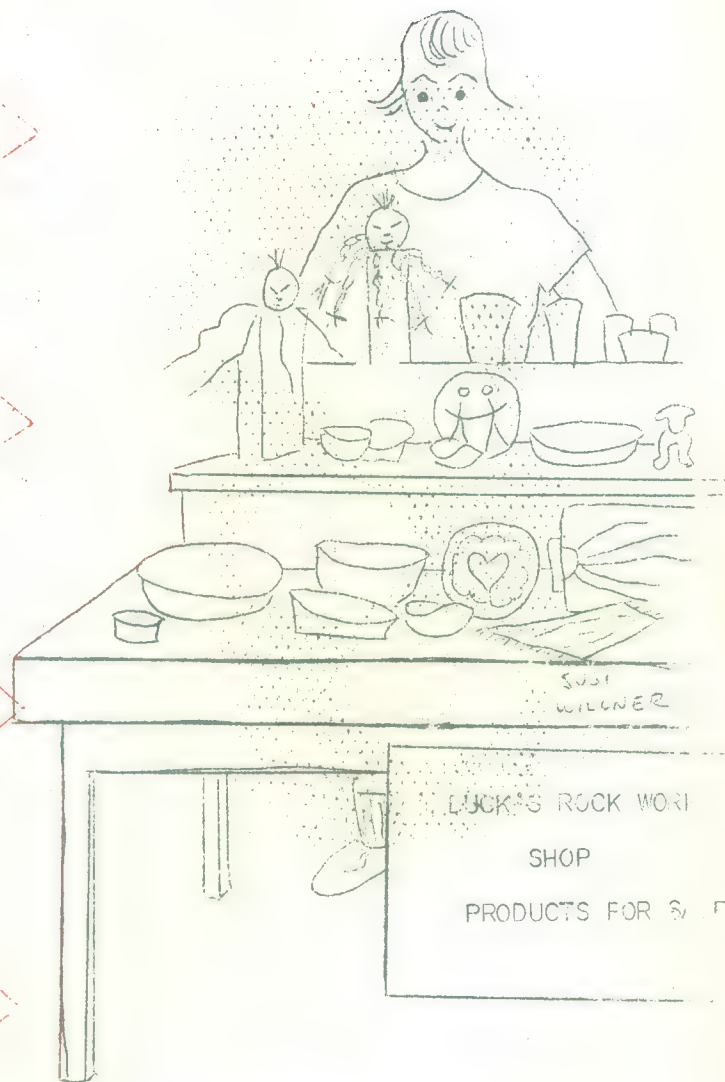
in the metal shop

in the photo shop

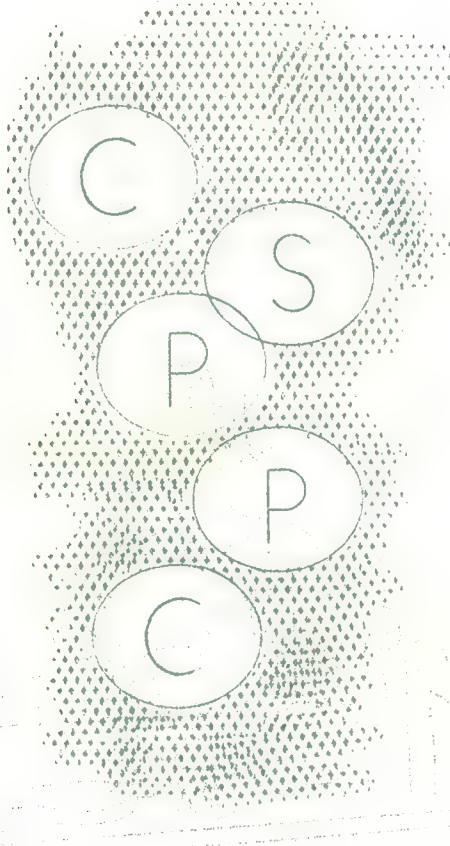
in the print shop

in the wood shop

in the weaving shop



AND MOST IMPORTANT WE MUST
REMEMBER THE BEAUTIFUL, USEFUL
buckaronda chairs
MADE BY THE VERSATILE, HELPFUL
MAINTENANCE CREW



Anyone strolling in the vicinity of the ceramic porch on a Wednesday evening during the summer would have heard the loud discussions that meant a meeting of the Shop Production Planning Committee was taking place. This group, composed of two delegates from each shop and presided over by the shop counselors in rotation, had the job of deciding which shop products were to be produced for sale, and what price they should be sold for. Naturally, all members were seldom in agreement on any one item and no vote was taken before a full discussion was held.

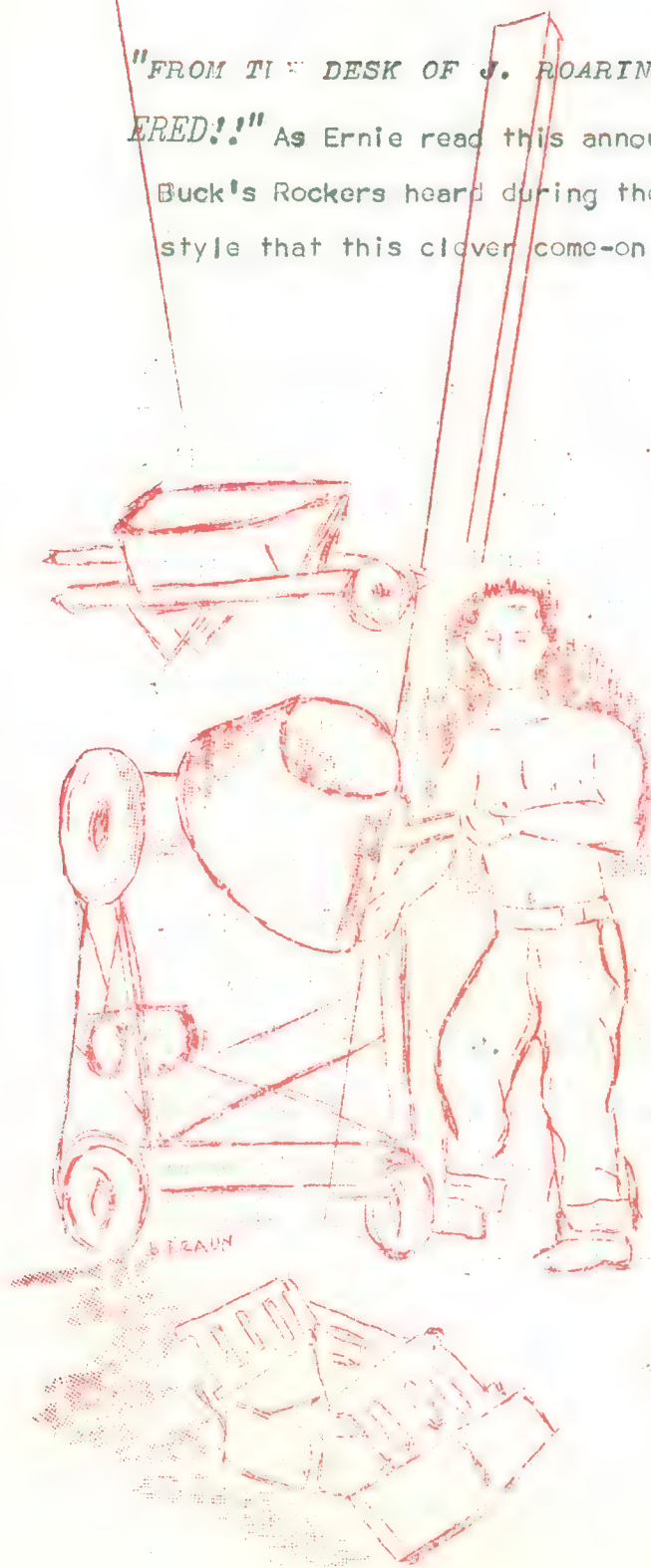
Of course, there was a lighter side to the meetings, too. Long arguments occurred frequently over parliamentary procedure, with about twenty people claiming the floor for twenty different motions. It often seemed we spent more time discussing the procedure for approving products than we spent on the merits of the products themselves. However, despite moments when it seemed that a Sergeant-At-Arms was necessary, the committee performed well its job of setting up a successful shop production program.

JOHN HACK

"FROM THE DESK OF J. ROARINGHAM FATBACK: GOLD HAS BEEN DISCOVERED!!" As Ernie read this announcement, one of many such announcements that Buck's Rockers heard during the past season, we could recognize from its style that this clever come-on was written by the Construction Crew.

But, writing these ingenious announcements was not all that the Crew's hard-working personnel had to do all day. Working from 9:00 to 12:00 and 2:00 to 5:00 every day (even during the record breaking heat spell this summer), and sometimes beginning at 7:15 when necessary, the Construction Crew aimed to complete as much as possible of the new wood shop, which is the biggest building project undertaken by any Duck's Rock Construction Crew. It will be 30' by 60' and 28' high at the tallest point. It will have four toilets, four washbasins, six showers, and a huge sink. The basement of the shop will be used as the Construction Crew's headquarters and workroom.

The Construction Crew's goal was to have the basement finished, the floor poured, and the walls pretty much completed by the end of the summer. If completed by a private contractor, the shop would be ready by the next season. It is possible, though, that the new wood shop will be handled as a two year project, and will be left for the Duck's Rock Construction Crew of 1956 to finish.

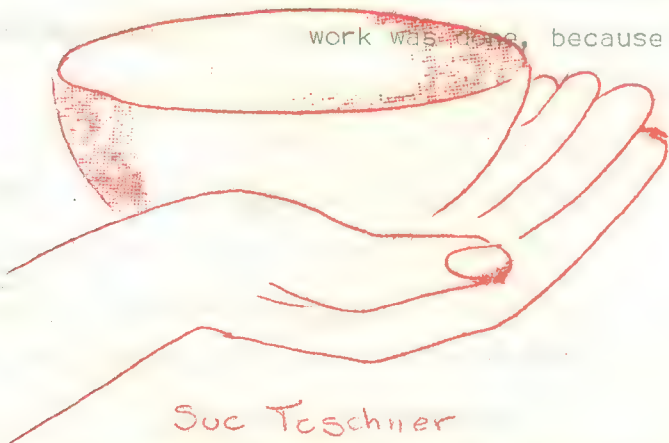


I DID IT

I entered the Ceramics Shop with the idea of production in my mind. So, I was set up to mix slip. My job was to pour twenty-five pounds of powdered clay and six quarts of water into a bin and mix it until it became smooth. It was boring and soon my arms felt as if they would fall off any second, but I stuck to it and soon enough the slip was smooth, and I was proud.

I walked into the Wood Shop wanting to make a bowl for myself. After a day and a half of cutting, shaping, and sanding, my project was finished, and I was the proud owner of a smooth, white mahogany candy dish.

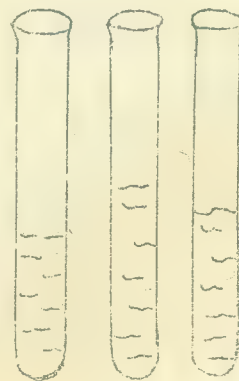
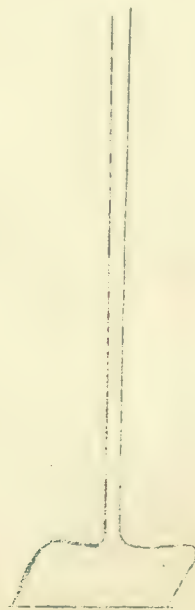
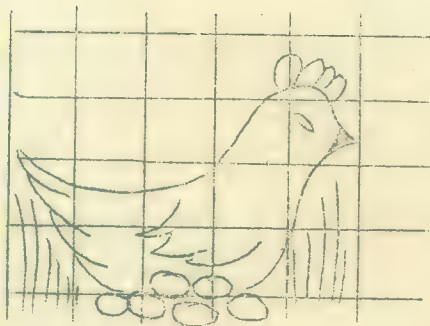
In every shop that I went to, I can honestly state that I felt a warm glow of satisfaction when my work was done, because I did it.



ELLA DOBKIN

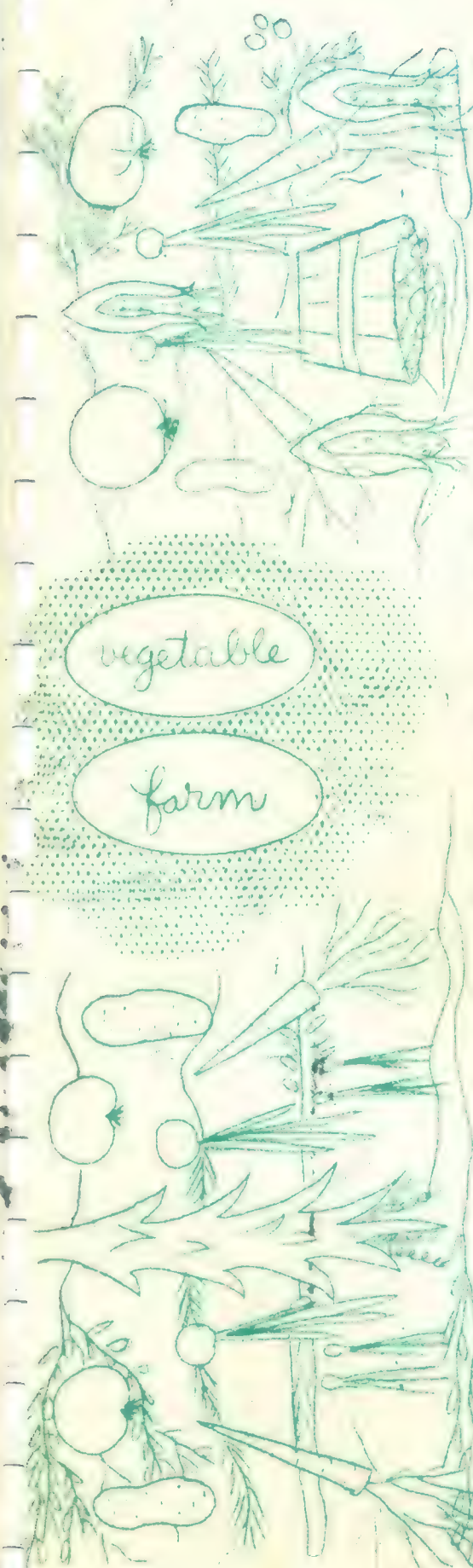


et us never forget that the cultivation of the
earth is the most important labor of man.....



JUDY
ICBER





The summer of 1955 was one of expansion, and especially so for the vegetable farm. We came to camp and discovered that the lower cornfield was doubled in size, it was promptly christened Siberia. French fried potatoes, a tremendous success, were added by the French chef to his weekly and weekend selling program, which already included hot buttered corn and potatoes, and cold vegetables.

All summer long, campers labored in the hot sun planting, thinning, weeding, hoeing, cultivating, mounding, spraying, mulching, suckering, picking, and selling the 17 different vegetables, with time out for water breaks. Participants will remember peeling onions and husking corn behind the kitchen. Many campers earned a large number of farm hours.

Because of lack of crop rotation there was a smaller number of vegetables than expected. Hot weather brought about an early corn and tomato crop. In spite of these setbacks, the long hours spent on the farm were rewarded by a big success at Festival, when soda and ice cream were sold in addition to the regular farm products.

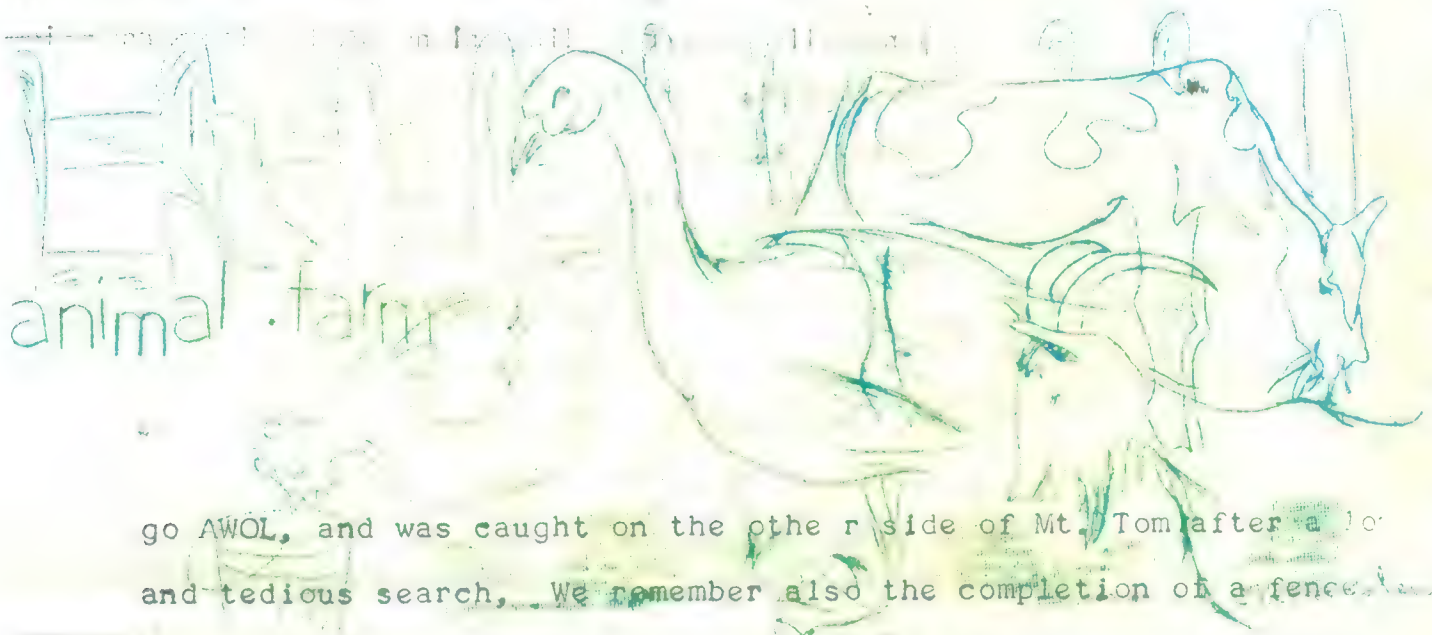
The 180 camper members of the farm committee were aided by two counselors, Lloyd (Bergie) Bergen, and Alex Strauss, three junior counselors, Pete Euben, Bernie Lelf, and Dan Wile, and C.I.T. Mike Blonstein.

Next year we are looking forward to more expansion, perhaps a larger farm or French fried potatoes, who knows?

ELLY WILE

The animal farm this year, under the capable direction of Nancy Wetherbee and C.I.T. Wally Tallow, raised a large variety of animals, ranging from baby chicks to a Guernsey cow. Other animals at the farm were ten calves, six sheep, five piglets, two goats, 72 chickens, one pair of ducks and geese, along with our mascot, Nancy's pet pony, Thistle.

This summer at the farm was an exciting one for all of us. Some memorable events occurred on the day Esmeralda decided to



go AWOL, and was caught on the other side of Mt. Tom after a long and tedious search. We remember also the completion of a fence stretching around the entire farm, after we worked our way through endless rocks. Then there is the humorous side. A camper, after being told that ducks lay eggs in water, went crawling on all fours into the duck pond, very amazed to find that ducks laid striped eggs, planted there earlier by the farm crew. Who can forget the impatient C.I.T. who, during the birth of the calf,

went looking for an air pump for the purpose of pumping air into the cow's mouth to force the calf out the other end more quickly!

Learning to care for the farm and the farm animals was most important for the farm crew, however. Feeding the calves and goats, milking the cow, as well as cleaning the pig trough and chicken coop, were a few of the daily chores. Doing these was a wonderful experience for those of us who were afraid of animals at the beginning of the summer, and learned to overcome



our fears.

"The movie will have to be interrupted now, and continued tomorrow - - - - because, the calf is being born." This famous quote originated on the night of July 20, 1955. As the last word was heard, there was a rush to the animal farm. There the campers waited more or less patiently until 10:26, when the calf was officially born. Thus "URF" came into the world, bringing with her one of the highlights of the camp season.

GAIL ANGRIST

blackjack SPEAKS

"Caw! Caw!" In my language that means, "Hi, Folks!"

My name is Blackjack Crow. I live in the farm lab. My cage home is right in front of the door leading to the main room. So, naturally, I have a bird's-eye view of the whole place.

Three cages away from me is the famous milksnake, "Checker". This is the largest milksnake on record to be found in this area. It was caught by Nancy Wetherbee and Steven Caden.

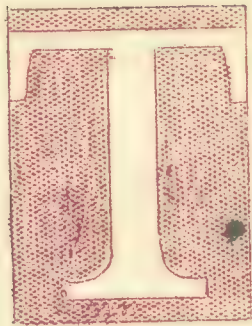
In the cage next to the snake is the opossum. It was caught in a woodchuck trap. A long time ago, the lab had a raccoon, but unfortunately, it got away. A live woodchuck was caught, but since this animal cannot be kept alive in captivity for any length of time, it was killed, and then dissected. Also at the beginning of the summer, forty of my dearest frog friends were dissected and injected with latex for some very important experiments.

A brand new terrarium, designed by Sam Astor, was erected by the lab crew and used to house amphibians and reptiles.

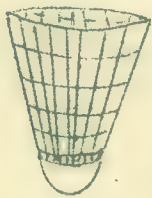
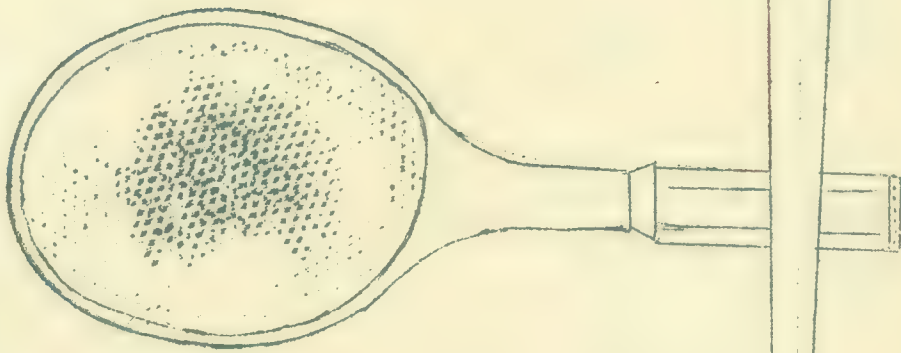
Oh, by the way, I was caught in a trap set for a raccoon, by the swimming hole. My leg was caught in the trap, and it was amputated to prevent infection. My wings were clipped, too. If it wasn't for the excellent work of David Wetherbee, who directs the farm lab, I wouldn't be here to tell this story."

CHAS
KOSHEZ +
SUE
TESCHNER +
SYDNEY
CULLINEN

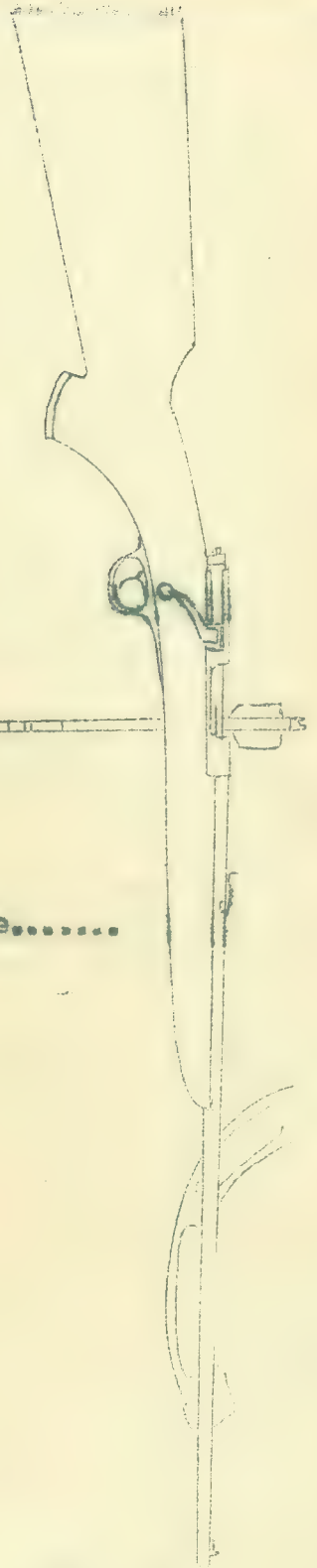
SUSAN TESCHNER




• love the game beyond the prize.....



WINNIE
WINSTON







"S

WIMMING ...IT'S HOT TODAY...EVERYBODY GO SWIMMING....."

Ernie would announce at lunch.
And how wonderful the water would
feel on those humid and sticky days!

Yes, this summer swimming proved to be
more popular than ever. Along with the
splashing, racing, diving, jumping,
water polo has become a favorite, and
many people have had fun too with water
fins, kickboards, and inner tubes.

Bob Sacks offered fine swimming classes
for those who were interested, including
Junior and Senior Life Saving given in
conjunction with the American Red Cross.

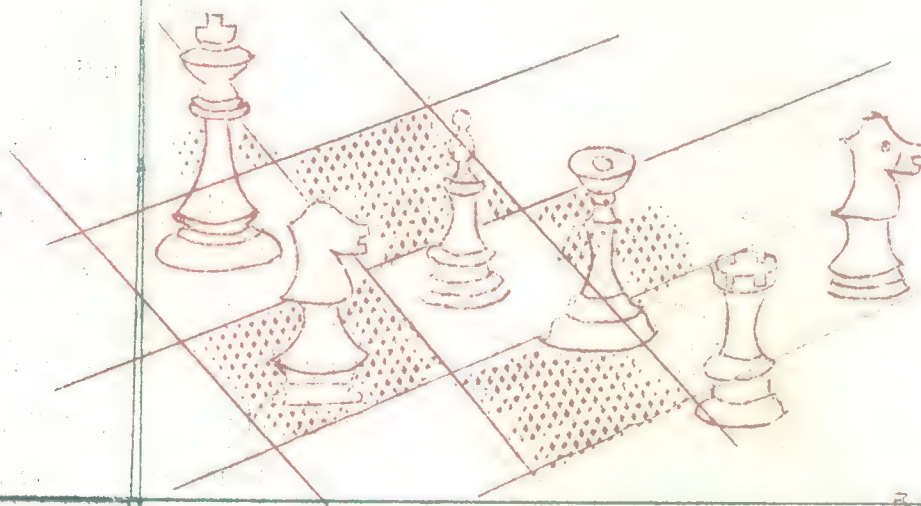
Our swimming hole, in its picturesque
setting, with the magic sound of its
waterfall, has given us lots of good
fun, vigorous exercise, and relief from
the hot summer weather.

BOBBIE ROSS

FENCING

"Parry, extend and lunge ~~was~~ retreat ~~was~~ advance and touch...." You probably heard these terms on the Social Hall porch around ten o'clock, many a morning this summer. These are the terms of fencing. Under the direction of Elsa "Fency" Walburg, many campers enjoyed themselves to the utmost. "Fency" taught them the different strokes and positions of fencing. Campers found fencing hard work but loads of fun, and fencing at Buck's Rock seems to be here to stay.

PETER ROSENOW



E. MILLER

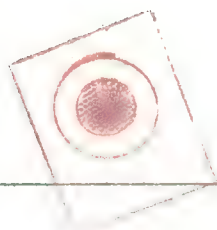
CHESS

On beds, on chairs, on the floor, on tables, and on the ground, throughout the summer, many skillful and not so skillful Buck's Rock campers played the king of all sports, chess. For five weeks these industrious chess players patiently waited for the chess tournament. And then Jerry Stoller, chess tournament supervisor, put up the schedule. Rapidly names were eliminated as the not so skillful players were defeated by their more apt opponents. In the meantime, as rainy weather came and continued, the individual chess games continued, too.

JOEL PENSKY



RIFLERY



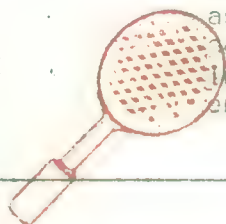
Under the guidance of Sheldon Maskin and his assistant, Ira Miller, many campers earned diplomas in Riflery. The highest target this year was 47, shot by Marty Ganzglass.

ARCHERY



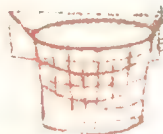
Dutch, our excellent archery counselor, helped to perfect our form greatly. Quite a few campers won awards.

TENNIS



The addition of the new tennis court to Buck's Rock created great enthusiasm for this sport. Joan O'Rourke and her assistants, Joyce Ra'id and Phyllis Poresky, gave expert instruction, so that many beginning players made great improvement by the end of the summer.

BASKETBALL



Al Makboulian did much for basketball this year by constructing new backboards and installing new lights at the court. He also organized a varsity and junior varsity team.

HORSHOE- PITCHING



This sport was introduced to Buck's Rock by Sheldon Maskin for the first time this year and it became very popular among the campers and counselors as well. Sheldon and a crew constructed two pits.

BADMINTON PING PONG TETHER BALL



Tournaments in Badminton and Ping Pong were organized by Steve Silver.

And don't forget the fun the Boy's House had with the new tether ball game.

riding with RED



As one approached the stable, he would most likely have seen a tall man with a head of red hair talking jovially with some of the campers. The man was, of course, Gerald John Barden, alias Red, from whom many campers learned the basic rules and the finer points of riding this summer. The nine horses in the stable, all owned by Red, were well trained, and most of them could be handled easily. The more spirited horses provided a challenge for advanced riders. As a result of the expert instruction in caring for and handling horses, the camp boasted many improved riders. Rima Berg, Hedy Harris, Amy Kovner, and Ellie Larsen were scheduled to ride in the Litchfield Horseshow at the end of the season. Red was ably assisted in the care and rooming of the horses by Emil Dion.

SAM ASTER

MEDALLION

BOOTS

JET

BAYBERRY

SUNDAY JUMP

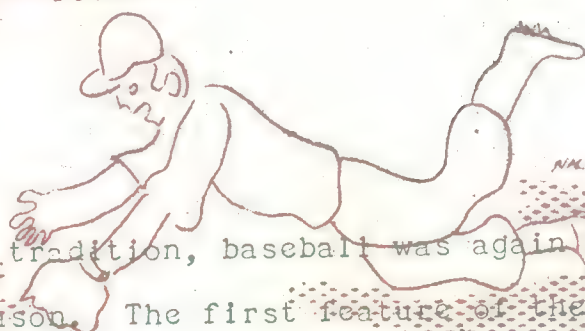
PRETTY POKEY

DANDY DANCER

BOBBY SOX

STAG

B A S E B A L L



In keeping with Buck's Rock tradition, baseball was again one of the highlights of the camping season. The first feature of the year was a wild affair between the campers and the counselors. The counselors, sparked by the pitching of Yo-Yo and Dave Katz and the hitting of Steve Silver, handed the campers their first defeat in many years.

The Senior Varsity, coached by player-manager Joe Strasser, had a comparatively successful season against a stronger New Milford team. Those boys who were too young to play for the Senior Varsity, were banded together in a newly formed Junior Varsity.

A new addition to the Buck's Rock Hall of Fame, was the Girls' Softball Team, organized and coached by Sheldon Maskin. The Girls' Team broke even, winning games from the Candlewood girls and the girl counselors. They lost to Team 4 of the Watermelon League and the Junior Varsity.

The Watermelon League was again organized by Joe Strasser and his assistants Steve Silver, Terry Davidson, and Marty Lowy. The pennant, or rather watermelon, in this case, was awarded to Team 1.

The baseball field, badly in need of repair, was put in good playing condition by a crew of baseball enthusiasts. Looking back over the summer, it was a highly enjoyable baseball season for both players and spectators alike.

CAROL HOPPENFELD
JUDY KLEIN

canoe trips

One look at those sunburnt bodies will tell you where these Buck's Rock-ers have been. Only the canoe trips seem to do such a good tanning job ! What does this ? A trip to explore the end of Squantz Pond; a rest on the back of the canoe; or perhaps just a pleasant morning of singing and canoeing around the lake.

It's somewhat surprising that veterans of this trip come back in such good condition, for in the afternoon, campers try "gunneling"! Following the fine example of "Dutch"(Eleanor Mayer), the kids do a pretty good job.

Of course, you can't have this trip end without a swim. After a refreshing dip (did I say "refreshing", in hot water?), loaded with enough food for days, a happy bunch returns to Buck's Rock.

BETTY SCHWIMMER



overnights

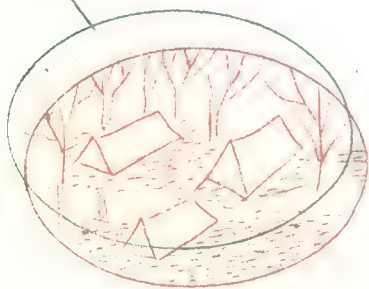
As Dutch's good old blue truck bounds up the side of Mount Tom, Buck's Rock campers are on their way to "rough it" for a day or two.

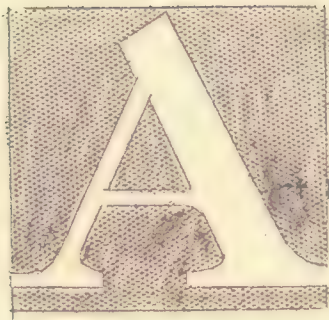
Rain can't dampen their spirits-- some of the trips are fortunate enough to have beautiful weather, but there are those of us who sleep with rain trickling down our necks...

Towering above, at the peak of Mount Tom, the observation tower (for those who have the strength to climb it) provides an all-around view of the mountain. The lake, too, proves to be a favorite spot: both to campers, and to an inquisitive duck family !

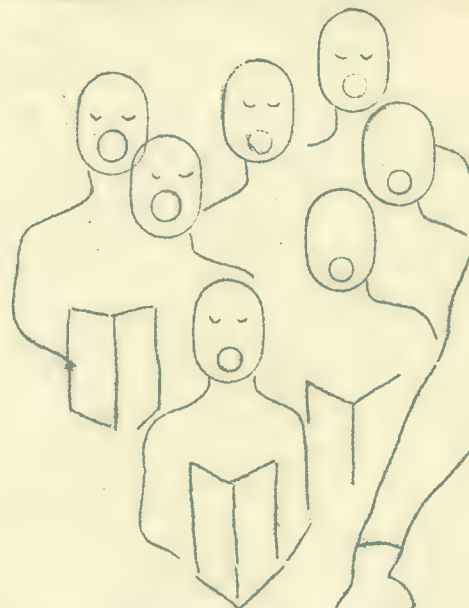
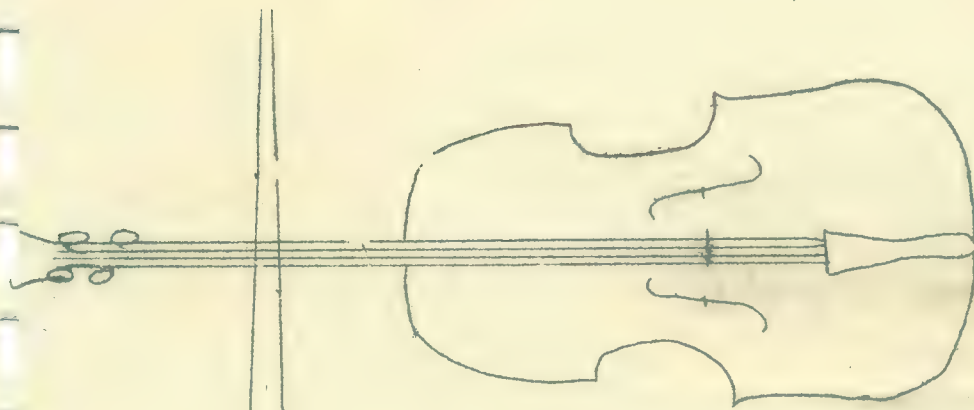
What happens on the overnight after the evening gong has silenced Buck's Rock ? A moonlight truck ride around Lake Waramaug... a trip up to Kent Falls... or a midnight walk...

BETTY SCHWIMMER

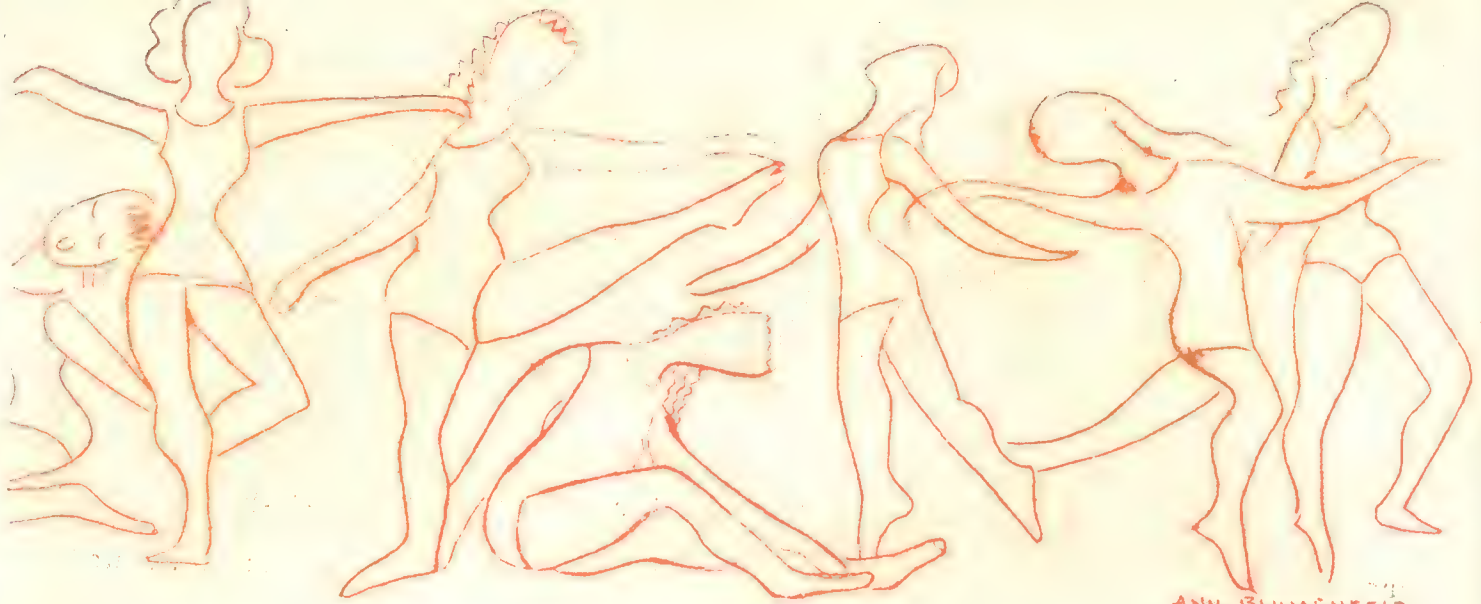




Art holds fast when all else is lost.....



NATALIE
SIEGEL



ANN BLUMENFELD

"Dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of all the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself." (Havelock Ellis)

Our Buck's Rock dancing is unique in that it is danced and choreographed by us, for you. Dance to us represents a being which we have created and brought to life. We have learned how to express ourselves and "loosed ourselves of imaginary lines," (Walt Whitman)

The technique used in Buck's Rock dancing this year was different from that of past years. For the first time in Buck's Rock we had two distinct techniques, Martha Graham's and Hanya Holm's. Hanya Holm's dancing, taught here by Rita Parr, is more related to ballet and has more of an open feeling than Martha Graham's. Miss Graham's method, taught by Sue Konheim, uses percussion and angular movements to express strong feeling. A blending of these two gave us a wonderful understanding of dance. Steffi Krasnow and Debbie Sacks instructed the dancers in a combination of the different techniques.

In the first dance night, there were three group dances. The Farmhouse girls did a dance about the little Parisian girl known as "Madeline." "What is Dance" was explained by Group I (beginners). Ernie's mysterious announcements about the planets finally became clear when Group II (advanced) whirled around the sun.

The second dance night was devoted entirely to individual creative, choreographed by the girls.

The last performance, on Festival day, was to include the Farmhouse's rendition of "Ferdinand the Bull," Group I and II dancing together in Thurber's "The Last Flower," and a small group dance called "The Magnificent Chair."

We will always remember the pleasure of dancing at Buck's Rock. It gave us a wonderful feeling to know how to express ourselves in a new and different way. We opened a new light for ourselves, and we hope we unlocked a new door for our audience.

CAROL FORTNER
JANE HEDER



"EVERY ARTIST WAS ONCE AN AMATEUR"

Here at Buck's Rock one of the "major" arts is certainly dramatics. Each time try-outs are announced a large group of nervously expectant campers trot down to the stage where they read in a shaky voice, hoping against hope that they will be cast in the play.

This season Buck's Rock campers have been the audience at several superlative productions under the outstanding direction of Leslie Charlow.

"My son, it's all off!" These words bellowed by the one and only Hank Berg will not soon be forgotten by the campers and parents who saw the hilarious comedy AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT, the first full-length play to be presented this summer. The audience received it with loud acclaim, and marveled at the fine acting, beautiful sets by Phoebe and Jack Sonnenberg and costumes (courtesy of parents' wardrobes). The amateur thespians in this production soon found out the difficulties of putting across the plot of this riotous farce. The play concerned the loss of an Italian straw hat and the antics that took place in order to reclaim it. Ben Apfelbaum certainly deserved high commendation for his fine portrayal of a confused bridegroom caught up in the mad trek of his wedding party through Paris. Karla Riback gave a fabulous interpretation of a dizzy society lady. Support-

ing characters who added the final touch with their individually fine performances were: Bobbie Braun, Terry Davidson, Ruth Grossman, Jon Konheim, Marty Lowy, Nora Reiner, Ben Rifkin, Ellen Rosenberg, David Schachter, and Andy Siegal.

An evening with Thornton Wilder on July 22 included two one-act plays entitled THE HAPPY JOURNEY and PULLMAN CAR HIAWATHA. This dual presentation provided a most enjoyable evening. This time, the large cast was given the challenge of putting across the style of the great playwright Thornton Wilder. They succeeded and soon had the audience going right along with them, appreciating the beautiful dialogue.

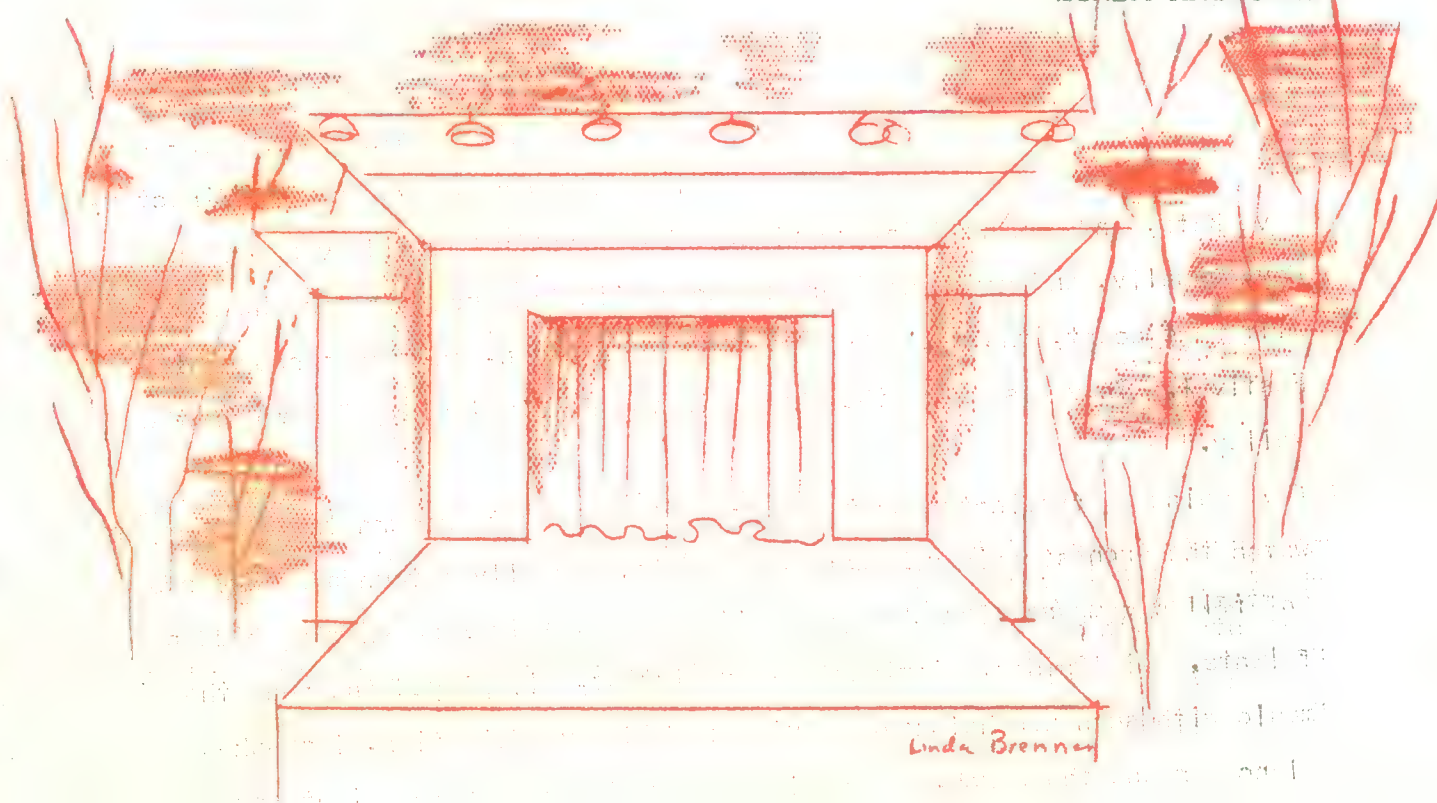
THE HAPPY JOURNEY starred Marty Ganzglass, Barbara Leeds, Marcia Levy, Lee Miller, and Alice Sainer. This play, an excellent example of the simple, but truly beautiful style of the author, shows a deep understanding of real people. The story of a family who takes a short car journey, it uses only four chairs and a bench as the scenery.

The second play, PULLMAN CAR HIAWATHA, again using only chairs for scenery, concerned the people on a train. Their actions are supposed to signify the drama of the entire earth. The members of the cast gave a fine performance.

Rehearsals for Irwin Shaw's BURY THE DEAD, to be presented at Festival, gave promise of a fine performance. The drama department, in cooperation with the music department (under the direction of Dave Katz) was also scheduled to present the operetta, DOWN IN THE VALLEY, by Kurt Weill, at Festival. This was presented here three years ago and gave promise of being equally successful this year.

C.I.T.s Marcia Levy, Emmy Perl, and Kay Riback, along with Lee, earned the thanks of everyone who enjoyed the dramatic performances this year.

LINDA KRIMSLEY



Linda Brenner

{music

In trying one afternoon to get a good tan, I was reposing on the social hall porch right after snack. It was there that I had my first introduction to the Buck's Rock chorus. When I heard them going through their warm-ups, as they call them, I was laughing to myself, because to my alien ears, it all seemed rather funny. I was not laughing five minutes later, however, when the chorus started to sing "Cantique," by Gabriel Faure. The magic of the music was soon upon me, and I listened with a rather humble silence while the chorus went ably through such pieces as "Eternal as is God on High," "Florida," and finally ending with the stirring Negro spiritual, "Raise a Ruckus Tonight." Being highly interested now, at the end of rehearsal I boldly strode over to the director, Dave Katz, and demanded information. The chorus rehearsed every other day, usually, and gave such performances with the orchestra as the New Milford concert, the radio broadcast in Torrington, and the concert at Festival. They also were the chorus in the Festival play, "Down in the Valley."

Being so fascinated by the chorus, I decided to return the next day to watch the orchestra in rehearsal. Here I was really astounded. Friends and fellow campers with whom I had lived so closely were showing hidden talents. Violinists, clarinetists, a flutist, all played and read the music with such nonchalance. Trying to hide my admiration, I sneaked a glance around the porch. There I discovered such amazing sights as a harp, a French horn, and a bassoon. The total effect was awesome, despite the fact that some mistakes were made, and that Dave had quite a few opportunities to yell. My hat's off to Dave, who managed both chorus and orchestra with excellent ability, and I have tremendous admiration for both groups.

ELLEN DIAMOND

WLCR
Buck's Rock Orchestra and Chorus. This year was no exception. People who had their radio tuned to 990 on August 5, had the privilege of listening to Buck's Rock's annual broadcast. But before I go further, let me tell of the preparation that went into this concert on the air.

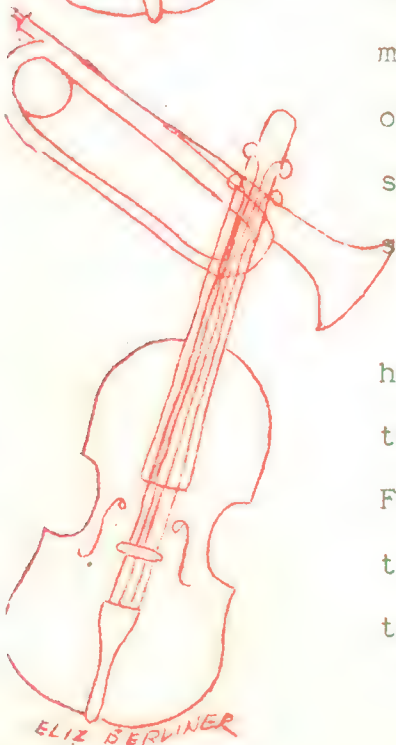
Right after the New Milford concert, Dave began each rehearsal with, "Four rehearsals before the broadcast," "Three rehearsals before the broadcast," and so on to the end. His technique finally worked, and by the time the day of the broadcast came, we sounded (to the untrained ear) pretty good.

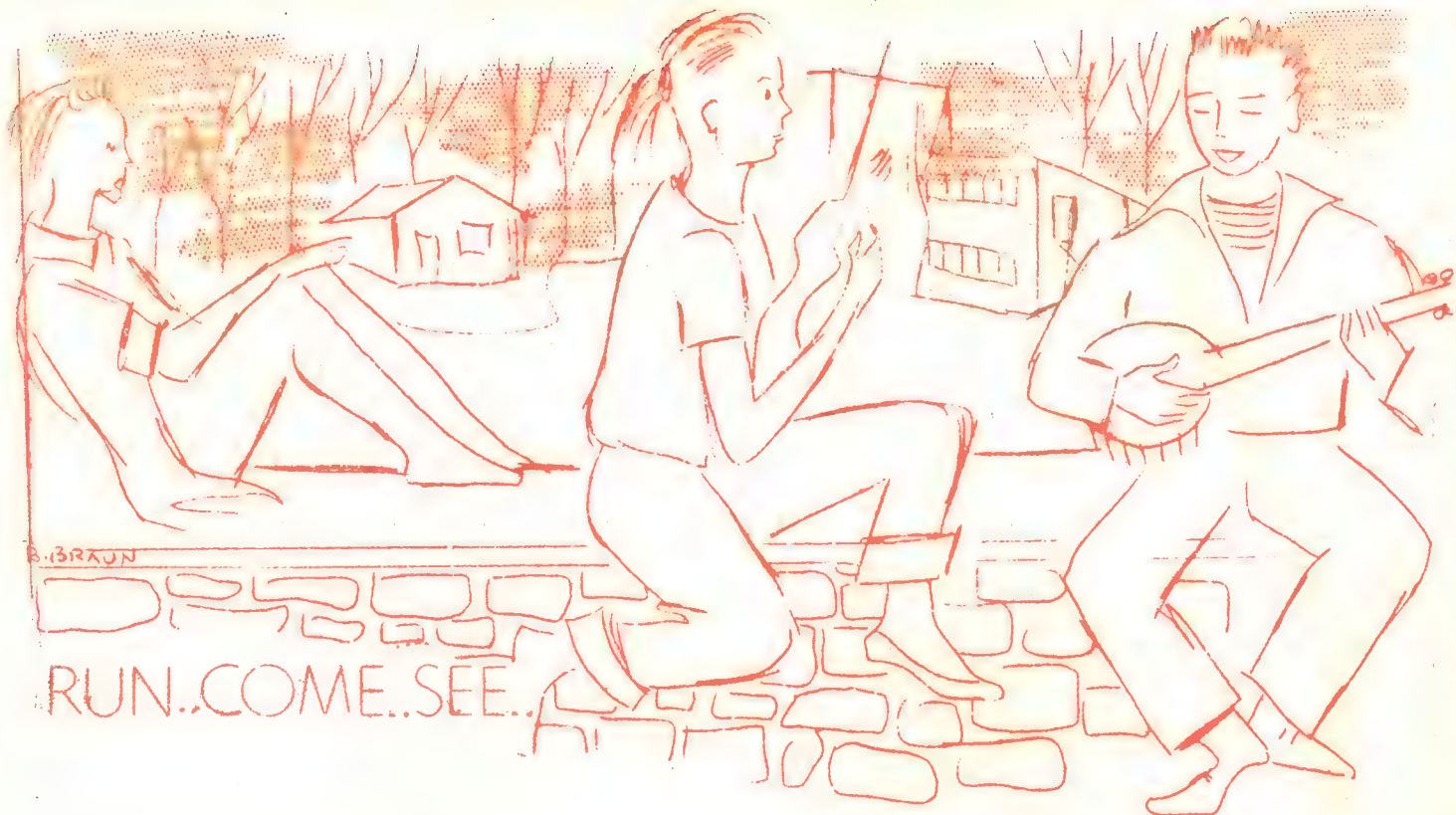
On Saturday, we boarded trucks (with a bus for the delicate sopranos) and set out for the station. We arrived early, so we took an unguided tour of the town. Then came the broadcast.

Music stands, music, instruments, and musicians were herded or carried into the studio. A large sign on one wall told us what pieces we were to play. We made a few mistakes, but nothing really serious. One of these occurred when, in "Pretoria," three violins started to play with the trumpet solo, but they stopped, fortunately, after three notes.

After a few minutes, it began to get not just hot, but sweltering, and it's a wonder how people in the orchestra and chorus lasted through the broadcast. Finally it was all over. We boarded the bus and trucks and made for camp to face, "Six more rehearsals to Festival!"

JOEL PENSKY





Folksinging is always one of Buck's Rock's most enjoyable activities. It unites many campers into one harmonious group and creates a spirit of friendliness, and a feeling of belonging.

At the head of our folksinging this year was the ever popular Alan (Yo-yo) Joseph. Together with his group consisting of Jo Bulova, Judy Krasnow, Ted Makler, Paul Prestopino, and Winnie Winston, he supplied the music for many pleasurable hours of fun and singing. Under the oak tree at almost any time of day there were boys and girls strumming chords and tunes on the guitar. This was made possible by the fine instruction given by the folksinging groups.

One Friday night, Buck's Rockers gathered around the campfire and received their long awaited song books, and joined in singing selections from it. This proved to be a wonderful evening activity.

A memorable event in the '55 season was the coming of the noted American folksinger Pete Seeger. The entire camp was there to hear him sing and play the 60 string banjo, and to join in singing with him. While singing a work song, he started chopping a log, thus demonstrating the slow steady beat of a work song.

Folksinging, popular throughout the ages, was a large and important part of our daily lives this year at Buck's Rock.

LEN MOSES



e of the Creative Writing Group met during the summer as often as was possible after second supper. In the quiet of early evening we stretched out on the rocks across the road from the Print Shop or went into the Print Shop itself and wrote or read aloud or held discussions. We wrote either on topics suggested by our advisor, Adele Weiss, or on our own ideas. It was quite interesting to see that each person had a different interpretation of the given subject and an individual way of developing it. Sometimes we discussed our work of the previous night. This criticism by our fellow writers seemed to help us and we all benefited by it.

Now at the close of the summer, we of the Creative Writing Group want to show the camp some more of the work we have done. Earlier in the season we published a literary magazine, "Midsummer Thoughts," to show what we were writing.

Here, once again, is what we write. . .

rhythm

Everywhere there is rhythm..... The swaying twisting movement of the trees, as the wind pushes them from side to side is a rhythm, a fierce and sweeping one, that often changes in tempo and suddenly comes forth with a noise loud as a roaring river, or grows as soft as the sound of grass blowing in a soft wind.

Everywhere there is rhythm..... The sound of many people's feet, tapping along the gray pavement, or a dirt road, or the soft sound of tires rolling along the highway, or under a tunnel, where the sound of honking horns, and skidding tires is magnified many hundreds of times into one rushing sound, breath-taking and wonderful.

Everywhere there is rhythm..... The tall slim towers of buildings in the crowded city, each seeming to sway with fierce wind that blows, round and round, through the narrow streets, blowing people along with it and tearing around corners with such force, that by the time it has torn around three corners, there are no more people left on the streets for it to blow away! Taller and taller the towers are reaching, higher and higher, ever higher, soon to be lighted by the sun and the moon.

Everywhere there is rhythm..... The sound of the waves steadily beating against the shore wave after wave, giving out a dull boom at each one. The sweeping movement of the beam from the lighthouse, searching the waters time and time again.---- As the moon's light strikes the water, the rocks seem to sway in the wavering light of the moon.

Everywhere there is rhythm.....

PENELOPE WEISS

regret tomorrow

Round and round -

In the depthlessness of space,

In the endlessness of time,

Tomorrow flings and hurtles, lost and vague,

Caught in the magnetism and omnipotence of Today.

I snatch at a wisp of sky.

I cling to a blade of grass.

I watch, listen, feel, and taste, and remember

A thousand yesterdays but no tomorrows.

I sit and watch the sun go down,

With humble heart and watchful eyes,

And then with apprehensive eyes,

I wait until the moon comes up -

For in that interval it seems,

That nature holds her breath and sighs,

And tidies up her house before tomorrow's dreams become good-byes.

ELLEN DIAMOND

the troubled tiger

I'm locked up in my cage all day,
While other animals are out at play.
The zoo's no place for an animal like me,
But I can't get out without the key.

My keeper always throws my food.
I think he's really very rude.
Other animals are politely served,
Every meal gets me unnerved.

Some animals are wise, or elegant in size.
Others can afford a compromise.
As for me, my stripes I despise.
I'll have to devise a different disguise.

JANET ROSE

the stray dog

Through the musty streets he ran,
His destination--- none,
He was very old and weary,
For his life was nearly done.

He seemed to be a symbol,
Of the homeless and the poor,
Ragged, unwanted and unloved,
As he wandered from door to door.

Oh, to take him home
To make just my own!

Then there he was before me
I could see him clearly now,
His eyes looked pleadingly upward,
He had a scar across his brow.

His mouth drooped at the corners,
And his tongue hung limply out.
His body was badly bruised,
From his tail to his quivering snout

I had just bent down to touch him,
But before I knew---
He had darted away!
There was no need to pursue.

For onward he ran,
His life was full of fear,
In wardly I cried,
But shed not a tear.

HELEN MOSES

contentment

I WANT TO HUG AND HOLD THE WORLD

TO KISS ITS LOVELY FACE

POSSESS THE SKY, SWEPT BLUE AND CLEAR

ALL THIS IN MY EMBRACE.

ALICE SAINER

evening sky

The sky is like a picture from a storybook: a deep blue, paler around the edges, surrounding whitish-pinkish- orange clouds, which seem to be coming out of the sky, practically coming to earth, to meet me.

Now the clouds are pinker--a deeper, richer pink. On their background of even blue, they form a filmy backdrop for the clearcut green of the close-up trees. The sharp silhouette of the trees, the deep and lighter tones of green, are the sharpest feature of the sky. Now the sky is fading; a soft blue now, partially covered with sections of chalky white from the clouds, blending with a tint of pink in one corner, to become a soft lavender. The trees have more depth now, not only green, but with richer and deeper tones of blue and black.

The trunks of the trees are no longer visible, welding into the forms taken on by their clusters of branches. Trees-- almost a solid silhouette now, make the sky seem a paler wash of bluish tint. The clouds appear to be swallowed up by the sky, just a drop of a pastel-like white, to rub off at touch.

Like a soft protection, the very dimmest blue hovers about the treetops.

BETTY SCHWIMMER

the mirror

He stood before the mirror. It was old and cracked. Gray lacy cobwebs framed it, and a thin film of dust covered it. Yet he stood there, gazing.

He was searching in that piece of glass, for his inner thoughts. His well built body still shook with emotions from the sights he had just seen. His mind was alive and burning, thinking thoughts that had never ventured before into his head. Troubled eyes stared at him through the broken glass. They seemed to warn him. "Forget what you have seen." they pleaded.

But how could he forget? Is it easy to forget the sight of hate and war? Could he erase from his memory the picture of people suffering from hunger and pain? The vision of a poverty stricken town, visited by plague and war, came to his mind. He shuddered as he thought of the parched, sickly white faces of the tormented inhabitants. He clenched his teeth and picture the peasants, loaded down with deadly weapons, hate in their eyes, death in their minds.

Suddenly without warning, the sun came out. The room was flooded with brilliant light, as if it transformed. A swift breeze blew through the small window, whisking away some of the dust collected on the mirror. Now he could see his image clearly. It was as if a great war was over, and peace had come to those who wanted peace. People had lost their fears. They were laughing now. Gay, tranquil strains of music could be heard. Men, women and children danced in the ruins of their city. They were all friends and they were happy.

Had they forgotten?

The man still stood near the mirror. Inwardly he felt calmed, but each glance at the mirror reminded him of death and disaster.

No, he would never forget.

LOIS ENGELSON

ice

The two tall sentinel trees
Stand watching over
The frozen pond.
All is cold, crackly, and dark.
Then two shadowy figures
Glide onto the ice,
Hands clasped,
Their scarves streaming out behind them
As they dip and turn, glide, then coast:
First in, then out.
The moon looks down, and
Sheds its ghostly light
On the scene below.
It is perfectly quiet except
For the whirring skates
On the ice.
Time passes, the sentinel trees
Doze off, forgetting to watch
The scene before them.
Then suddenly they awake,
Startled. They can see only
One figure on the ice,
Skating furiously off
To the far end of the pond, while
Plaintive screams are heard nearby.
They ask each other what has happened,
But cannot answer the question,
For it is a mystery of the ice.

ELLEN DIAMOND

i love

The rain pattering softly on the roof
Seeing a happy family together
Seeing everyone friendly
A beautiful sunset and a quiet lake
Waking up to a sunny day
Classical music while I'm doing my homework
The sound of children laughing and playing
The understanding that my parents give me
My family
The crackle of logs
Leaves burning
Cuddling a soft, furry kitten
Seeing everyone at a camp reunion
Eating anything that is made with coffee
People who care about me . . .

i dislike

Thunder when I'm crying or in a bad mood
A family quarrel
A completely cloudy, gray day
Waking up to a cold, rainy day
Rock 'n Roll when I'm angry
Children yelling and fighting
Being ignored by my parents when I need them
The fire of a gun
The smell of a burning house
Cuddling a wet dog
Eating potatoes
People who are deliberately nasty to me
Nothing(at the moment) . . .

CAROL HOFFMAN

escape

Down the rickety stairs, through the corridors: across the passageways, into the street, through the gardens, over the hedgerows, past the markets, and still she ran on at a quickening pace. Past the meat store, the drug store, the concert hall, the library, but Anne never stopped to look back. She just continued to glide along, on and on and on. Where was she going? It didn't matter. Nothing seemed to matter any more.

Then, on a sudden impulse, she turned for a moment's glance at the town that had once been embedded so deeply in her heart. Undoubtedly, she would never return. Never again would she hear the clanging of the school bell each morning at nine, the church chimes on Sunday, or the carolers on Christmas Eve. It would all be gone... gone forever, never to return to her. Oh why, why was life like this, always brimming with sorrow and depression?

Anne was a short, unusually slim girl of ten. She had a face lightly dotted with freckles, with large questioning eyes, two well-placed dimples, a wan complexion, and a huge crop of straight hair in the most vivid shade of red, pushed back by two small black barrettes.

Now, as she ran on, further and further, her long hair blowing in the cool breeze, she clutched the small red suitcase with the large blue plastic handle. She had heard of other children who had run away from home, but they had always gone back. She wouldn't return, she would be different.

Anne's thoughts ran back to that cheerful morning only three weeks before when her little brother Edward first opened his big blue eyes to the new world around him. She remembered the friendly nurse at the quaint, old hospital, the long lines of worn beds, and the tall glass vases filled with chrysanthemums, peonies, and surrounded by colorful autumn foliage. But the clearest in her memory was the picture of her mother happily observing the small, wide-eyed baby. Everything was all right then.

Even when Edward arrived at the Morrison residence- even then Anne was happy. She loved to watch the frail movements of his tiny limbs and the way he would move his small head.

Then came that Tuesday. Oh, would she ever forget it? Anne remembered how very much excited she was. Imagine! A beautiful new dress, a long velvet rib-

to match, and a new pair of shiny shoes. She couldn't wait to hear Aunt Emily and Uncle Fred ring the doorbell.

And then it was 4:00 o'clock. The small blond-haired women accompanied by the stately middle-aged man were welcomed in at once. Quickly Anne was pushed aside by the visitors, who immediately ran to admire the two-week-old infant. Surely they would notice her new clothes. They couldn't possibly miss the velvet ribbon. But no, no one noticed her or the new clothes. She was completely lost, bewildered, and totally forgotten. They didn't care about her. Well, they'll be sorry. She'll make them sorry. She'll show them. She'll make them sorry for what they'd done. And when they came asking forgiveness, she would refuse to listen to them. She would never forgive them---- never!

Now, as the railroad station came into view, Anne knew just what she would do. Faster and faster she sped along, eager to make the next train. Now Anne stood on the railroad platform waiting impatiently. Suddenly, the hands of the large white clock caught her attention. In that one moment all thoughts were erased from her memory. Ten minutes to six. Ten minutes to six? Why if she hurried she might make Edward's feeding time. But oh, she must hurry! Quickly Anne turned and fled homeward.

JANET ROSE

an ideal

Somebody-come. Come to me and show me light as I have never been shown light before, looking up to it and feeling secure. It can be in the eyes glowing with affection, lifting me, so that my whole being will resound with the idea I am and you are and we're together. Clear up my thinking, and make me see that I am thinking of you, but now I don't have to think because you're here. I don't have to dream about you, causing a turmoil within me.

You are the future and have come. I have it, know it. It might go, but it was experienced.

RENA SPIEGAL

the storm

A raging storm is a beautiful thing to behold. The sky is a mass of motion with lightning sharply piercing small ragged clouds, urging them forward in their attacks against their neighbors. Large clouds ram together in headlong battle, as huge roars of thunder emerge from a rumbling background. On earth the rain is hurled down, the drops making leaves dance and pounding out an accompaniment in unusual rhythms on the sidewalks. Trees rush viciously at each other only to lurch suddenly back toward another foe. Grass and everything green buckles under the breath of the wind and the bullet-like pellets of driving rain. Gamely they return and humbly bow once more to the weather. Nature is fighting itself in a spectacular picture, with a breath-taking beauty.

After the storm, there is calm. In the sudden silence and quiet there is beauty too.

ELLY WILE

a voice

A voice is a sound made by man, that has struggled to live through the years.

It can hum so softly that no one would hear, for 'twould sound like the grass as it bends low to the ground.

Or it can yell, oh so loud, that soon the very earth, where beneath, the bugs crawl, trembles, and shakes, till at last it opens wide.

The voice is a powerful thing.

But do not misjudge it in the tiniest way,

For it is a precious possession,

So dear to man, that without it, the world could never live as it does.

We need these sounds to help us, to soothe us when we feel sad, or to laugh with us when we are happy.

A voice can be silent as the river in wintertime, when the ice hardens upon it, and then it breathes no more.

Yes, you know of the voice, of the sounds it brings forth,

So treasure it while you may, for

Someday it will vanish never to be heard again.

JANET KONIG

tomorrow

He changes

From one day to the other.

Tomorrow he will be a different person than today.

Today he is different than yesterday.

There is no pattern what's going to happen from day to day, for things happen in great variety and quickly around him.

But his emotions grow. Being happy then sad- realizing the past happiness that has gone, his sadness grows. Then the happiness will be fuller, for he has learned more of its meaning from experiencing the opposite.

But will something exciting really happen tomorrow- something that does not have a stale taste in it of yesterday?

No- Tomorrow is the growth- of Today.

RENA SPIEGAL

the soft sound

He ran crying to his room and sank his tearful head into his feather pillow. Great resentful sobs stirred the quiet in the boyish looking room as he gasped for breath and loudly hiccupped. He thought of his aching body, his father ^{who} had administered the whipping, and the lie he had told. Again he was overcome by huge sobs, which ceased only when sleep surprised him. Then came the nightmare of dragons and tigers with open jaws, of terror and fleeing but never escaping. Brushing away the tears of fright, he heard something. Suddenly everything was warm and friendly. He felt comfort and reassurance. Happiness shone on him like a sunbeam, and he forgot all fright, resentment, and hurt. Yet all he had heard was the soft sound of his mother's voice as she gently, concernedly, called his name.

ELLY WILE

adventure

Two of them, alone, together. Friends, before. Now they walked silently, side by side. The darkness seemed to close in on them, making the trees assume a haunting and unfriendly attitude. Slowly she spoke. "Can't we run?" Carol's answer was a scornful look, and more silence. Suddenly a car pulled up in front of them. "Quick. Into the woods here and hide!" Carol's order was sharp and unquestionable. The two girls darted into the woods, but the car pulled into a driveway. Slowly Marsha crept out of hiding, and waited for Carol. Their hands touched for a second, and nervous giggles escaped from both of them.

"Let's sing. We can sing can't we?"

"Sure," Carol replied, "As long as we don't sing too loud. We don't want the others to hear us." Marsha began to hum softly. Carol joined in, and for a while there was just the two of them again, as it had always been. Then a noise in the bushes startled them back into silence. "Gee, I wish we could hear the others," Marsha whispered shortly.

"Silly, if we could hear them, they could hear us. Then we'd be much too close." As usual, Carol's logic seemed flawless to Marsha. Soon the sound of their feet on the dirt road was rhythmic, and the silence was not broken until Carol said softly, almost to herself, "We should be at the main road by now." Quickly Marsha searched her face for a trace of weakness, but Carol's jaw was set firmly, and she gave Marsha neither a glance of encouragement nor one of friendliness. A shiver involuntarily went through Marsha's body, and to her surprise Carol noticed it. "Are you scared?" Carol asked, her eyes still in front of her.

Marsha opened up, then, all the storage of pent up words pouring forth like a brook. "Scared," she said, "I'm terrified, aren't you? Why did we ever do this crazy thing? I didn't really want to, you know, it was your idea." She was proud, in a way, thinking she at last had Carol trapped about something.

Carol replied almost in a whisper, "You could have said you didn't want to, you know." Marsha felt her body tense with panic. "It wouldn't have mattered to me one way or the other," Carol furthered.

Marsha felt tears sting at her eyes. With a quick motion she wiped them away. Suddenly, thankfully, she saw the main road loom into view. "Look!" Marsha cried, forgetting her fears, "You can see their flashlights." She wanted to run to them, but afraid of what Carol would tell the other girls, instead, she said loudly, "Oh, now everything's ruined. Let's slow down and let them get further ahead of us." Instead of an admiring look from Carol, Marsha received an intense and rather cold one. Then Carol said, "It doesn't matter now. We'd better catch up with them." The girls sped up their pace. Instead of feeling exhilarated, Marsha felt strangely depressed. She sneaked a glance at Carol and was surprised to notice that Carol did not look happy, either. And then, as if sent by God, Bob Drachman, the little Nature counselor came through the fog to them, and with a cry of joy the two girls throw themselves upon him.

"Human life," cried Carol. "Boy, are we glad to see you," Marsha shouted. The whole story poured out and all Bob could do was laugh. There was warmth in his laughter and soon they had almost caught up to the group. Carol unlocked her arm from Bob's, and slid over to Marsha. "Let's not tell anyone about this, O.K.? Don't even tell Midge."

"Sure," whispered Marsha, and then with a little squeeze of the hand, Carol left and joined the group.

tomorrow

What is tomorrow?

Is it something in the far future; something yet to come?

Tomorrow can be something so close, you can almost touch it.

Yet, it is intangible.

It can be so far, that it seems never to come.

Yet, it arrives.

Tomorrow may be a dreaded day,

When, to you it seems the end of the world.

But also, tomorrow can be a time of extreme happiness,

Of joyous expectancy.

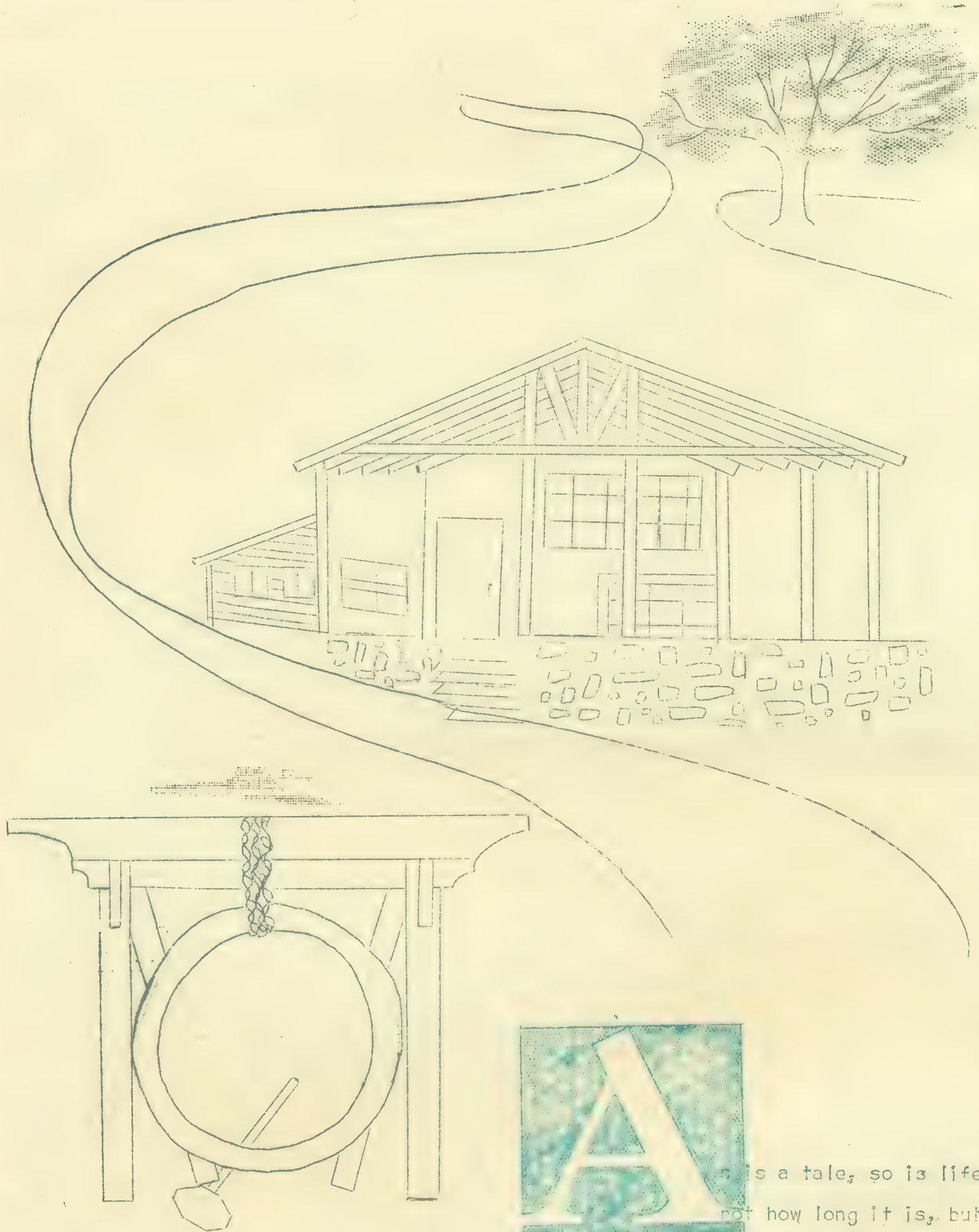
It is a thing of changing faces.

Tomorrow is another day!

HEDY HARRIS

Tomorrow. . . . the Future. New things to build, new things
to be discovered. Tomorrow you'll think back. Tomorrow will
be like a brand new world. Tomorrow. . . . I can hardly wait.

RICKY WINSTON



JUDY LOGAN



is a tale, so is life;
not how long it is, but
how good it is, is
what matters.....



what **BUCK'S ROCK** means to **ME**

Ugh, those mattresses! Ooh, that food! Eek, those starched pajama bottoms! But, golly gee, for some reason, I love the joint, Buck's Rock.

Maybe it's the kids. Most of them are so terrific. (I'm talking about the girls!) And there are boys, too, without whom a camp like this couldn't survive.

I get a great kick knowing I can go back to my sunken double-decker for a peaceful afternoon of loafing, without an adult dragging along behind me. Three rules to follow, and you're on your own for the rest of the road:

1. Get up in the morning.
2. Go to bed at night.
3. Attend all meals.

Just being teenagers brings us together. Just being boys and girls out for a wonderful fun-filled summer makes Buck's Rock that much better a place. Gosh, it feels good to be with the kids here. Not only to work with the clay sticking to your hands; not only shrieking together in "Katz's Kool Khorus"; not only picking bad ears of corn side by side -- it's the feeling of being part of all this. I can't put it down with pencil and paper; I can't tell my reasons why, but you understand, for you too, are a part of Buck's Rock.

ALICE SAINER

down at the FARM

The Farmhouse, we think, is a delightful place to live in. Since it is located away from the main camp, it is reasonably quiet except for the harmonizing sounds coming from the farm animals.

Our counselors, Martha, Sue, Anne, and Rona, are helpful and understanding. They keep after us, and as a result, our things are surprisingly neat.

The girls of the Farmhouse are all different. Some are ~~gross~~ ~~crazy~~, some boy crazy, and some are Red crazy.

Things do not quiet down as they should in the Farmhouse after lights out. Now you know why most of us have bags under our eyes when we stumble into breakfast.

Life is not, indeed, all that goes on among the Farmhouse girls. In fact, we are all quite busy in one activity or another.

All in all, we think the Farmhouse is wonderful.

LYDIA ORENS and SUE PANKEN

early to bed, early to **RISE** makes.....

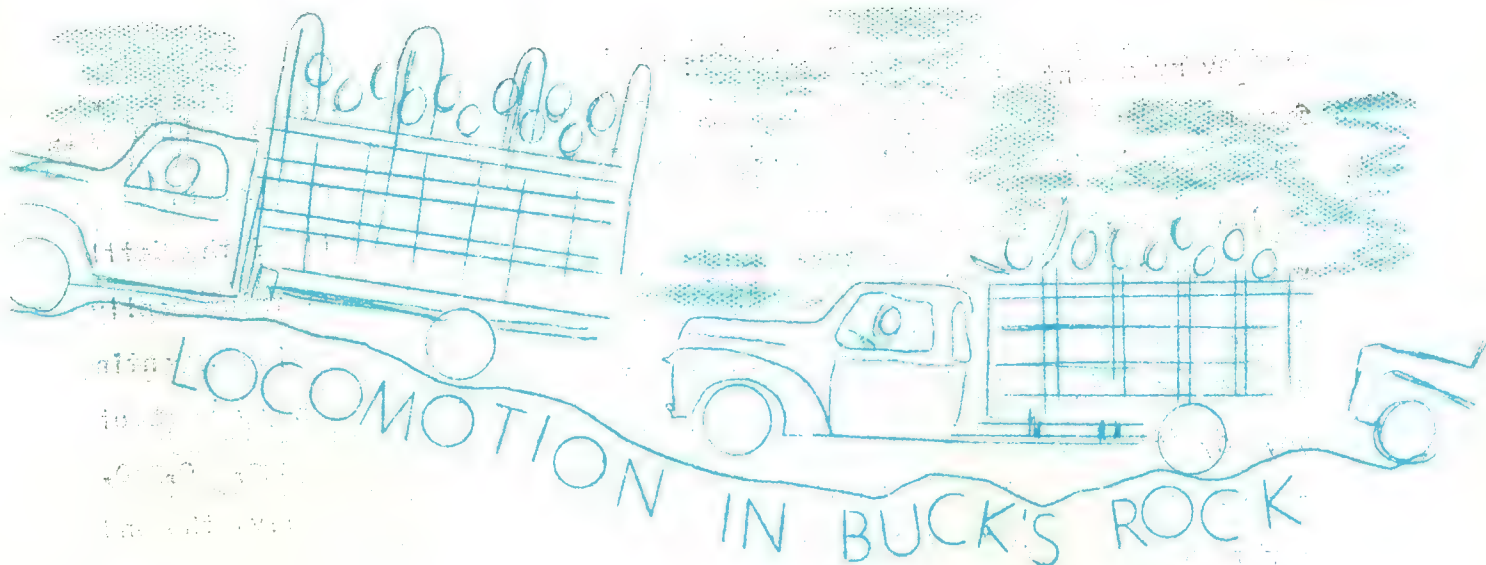
It is 7:20 A.M., on a typical day, wake-up time at Buck's Rock. As the gong rings, campers lie fast asleep, nestled under the covers of their beds. The hammer strikes the gong again, but the only response is the opening and closing of a few eyes. Once again the gong resounds; a few heads are turned, a few eyes opened, and then shut, and a few complaints mumbled. As the echo of the gong continues to pierce the serene atmosphere, Buck's Rockers utter cries of resentment, and then fall back into slumber. Then come the sleepy-eyed counselors, yelling, coaxing, and then resorting to the psychology of sweetness. The counselors strip the beds, pulling blankets here and crumpling sheets there, and throwing pillows; but campers remain in bed, enjoying

every moment of rest. Then the counselors attempt the feat of pulling the campers out of bed. If they happen to succeed, the campers jump right back onto their mattresses and into dreamland. Thus the turmoil of the battle begins again, but the counselors are defeated. The victors triumphantly resume their positions. They lie quietly, trying to fall asleep, wanting to know the end of that wonderful dream- and then just as they are about to doze off, the gong interrupts; 10, 20, 30, 40 times it rings, 50, 60, 70, 80, it's obviously being rung by an insane person! Finally, the end comes, and the continual banging ceases. All is calm and quiet, except for those unusually ambitious Buck's Rockers, who are lined up at the social hall for their breakfast. The others sleep peacefully through first breakfast, all wrapped up in their blankets, and snug against their pillows.

Suddenly, a sound of thunder breaks the stillness in the air. The sleepy-eyed creatures roll over and gaze out into space. Then, the realization hits them. That was the bell for second breakfast! Quickly they all tumble out of bed, grab toothbrush, soap, washcloth, and towel. Then they run back for the forgotten toothpaste. In a flash teeth are brushed and faces washed, and they all scurry back to their bunks. Thus the chaos begins. What to wear is the next major issue. With eyes half open, they combine striped blouses with plaid shorts.

Then comes the scramble of getting dressed. When the fracas ceases, and the campers are about to start their march to the social hall, they are unexpectedly interrupted by the no-longer sleepy-eyed counselors, who insist that the shelves be cleaned up, and the beds made. The angry campers make a poor pretense of clean-up, throwing the blankets over their beds to cover the mess, and cleaning up their shelves without visible improvement. After the hasty job, without waiting for a word of approval, they dash off to breakfast. Upon their arrival, they find that announcements are completed, and breakfast is over. They steal into the kitchen, grab a piece of bread, and are on their way once more, prepared for an energetic morning.

JANET ROSE



BEEP, BEEP! As two trucks thunder up the hill towards each other, a daily calamity arises. It's no wonder the sign at the beginning of the road says, "Sound Horn". You can never tell WHAT might be coming along. It could be Dutch in her Blue truck, or Hank or Pete in the garbage truck, or just about anyone in the light green. How about the innocent visitor who's having a hard rough time grinding up that road, when he finds himself a target with two Buck's Rock vehicles coming at him from both directions? But what would camp be without our trucks?

BETTY SCHWIMMER

When you see the Olds station wagon on top of the hill near the entrance to Buck's Rock, do you notice the rocks in front of the wheels? Once someone forgot to put those rocks in place. A few minutes later, Pete in the kitchen was extremely shocked when he was run over by an out-of-control car, with no driver in it! Now you know why there are Buck's Rocks in front of the wheels.

Since there are many short circuits in the station wagon, a battery can't last long in it. So you may ask how Ernie starts the car. Simple. It rolls down the hill until it gets enough momentum to start it. One time Ernie was stopped by someone midway down the hill. He had to be pushed by the pickup half-way down our road before the old budgy finally started.

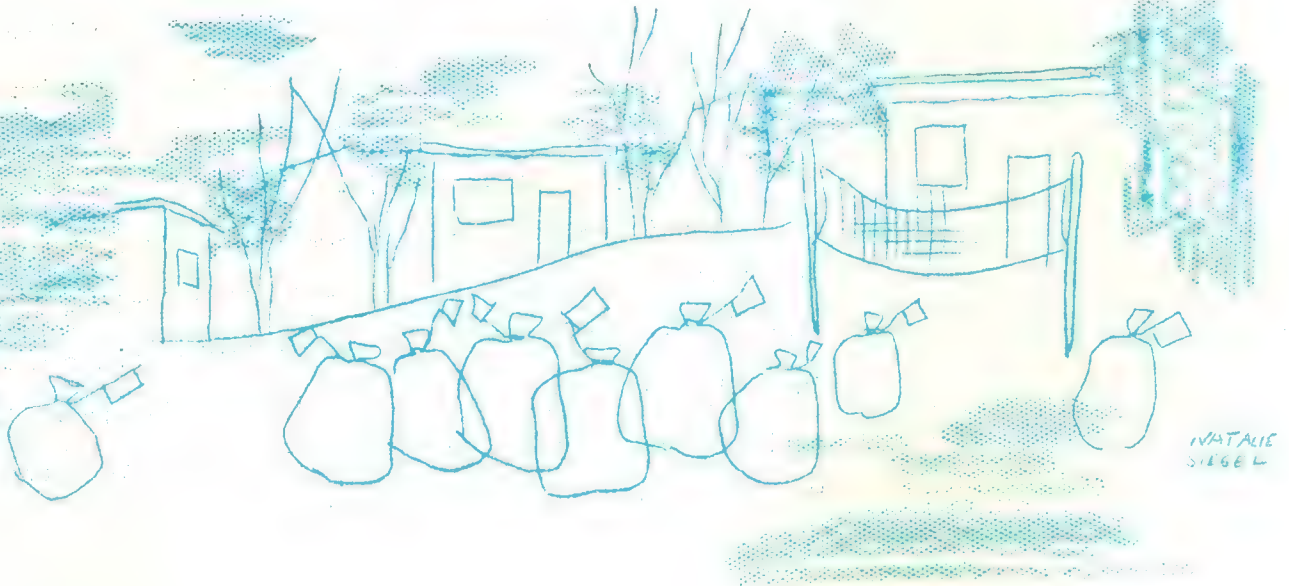
Now you know the truth about THE CAR THAT IS OLDER THAN BUCK'S ROCK.

JOEL PENSKY

LAUNDRY *day*

Every Friday the usual atmosphere at Buck's Rock is slightly disturbed! Moans louder than usual, at the wake-up gong can be heard emerging from the different houses and tents. The cause-- Laundry Day!!

To the average Buck's Rocker, the art of packing a laundry bag properly is no simple matter! First a personal list of articles must be made up. This can become a bit involved if one camper just happens to place his clothes on the space already occupied by another's. Next comes the master list, to which dungarees are being added one moment and blouses subtracted the next. Breakfast interrupts the last and most complicated part of getting the laundry ready for collection. After breakfast the problem of putting the clothes into the bag is attacked! "Now let's see, towels in a sheet on the bottom, assorted articles arranged loosely in



the middle, washcloth on.....!" When the laundry bag is at last tied and placed outside, it feels as if a day's work has just been completed!

This is not the situation though, for upon returning from the activities of the day we find that the week's clean laundry has been delivered and is waiting patiently outside. After wading through package after package, one finally finds the right ones and brings them inside. Here an attempt at unpacking the clothes is made. The name tapes all seem to be placed in spots most unlikely to be found!

Soon the laundry is sorted and put away, and, as this strenuous day is left behind, Buck's Rockers know that life in camp would not be complete without the hectic experiences of laundry day.

HELEN MOSES



outburst

I was hot. Everyone was hot. We were dulled by the intense heat. The air was heavy, and I felt as if the atmosphere was pressing me down to the earth. How long could we wait? And then I wondered if, for once, maybe there would be no more waiting, not because the heat would cease, but because forever the world would be tense and smothered. The people would be animals thinking of their discomfort, their heaviness; they would be bored, warm, animals.

Then the cool freshness swept in, it came from the fields and the sky and we felt it stirring. The leaves were whirled about. The rhythmic rain came. Suddenly I was expanded with a glorious feeling. I could burst. I flew out to the field and stood under the open sky, as the rain poured down.

I was calm.

SUE BERMAN

VOICES

A symphony of voices. The melting pot of ideas. Some are clashing and accenting each other. Others are blending harmoniously together, complimenting each other. The overture is soft. It slowly rises as voice joins voice and the instruments increase in vigor. Each section has its own theme. Some are happy, some are indifferent; some are expectant, others are tired. The tide of music rises and surges forth. The voices get louder and louder until finally the cescendo is reached. Then they abruptly fade as Ernie rings the bell and gets ready to read the announcements.

MIKE BAKER

buck's rock rhythm

THIS IS A CAMP WHERE RHYTHMS ABOUND

Where even the rush of footsteps brings to mind a certain rhythm.....

There are rhythms both pleasing and annoying.....

For who hasn't heard the bumpety-bump of the truck or the thumpety thump of the drums?.....

Who isn't familiar with the clang of the gong or the twang of the arrow as it leaves the bow.....

The impatient tap of a bunkmate's foot as she waits for you to go to breakfast.....

Or the drip-drip of the rain as it bounces on the roof or leaks through the floor below.....

RHYTHMS CAN BE FOUND EVERYWHERE

On the farm you can see rhythm in the movement of hands husking corn....

There are varied rhythms in gaits of horses: the evenness of a canter, the clip,clop of a trot, the brokenness of a walk.....

Out at the rifle range there is rhythm of shots after the sign of READY,AIM,FIRE..

On the baseball diamond there is rhythm in the battery warm-ups..

On the basketball court there is rhythm in the constant bounce of the ball..

There is even rhythm in the noisy dining room..... who hasn't heard the clatter of loading silverware on trays, or the scraping of chairs as Ernie finishes announcements, or the plunk as we drop the silverware into the basins of water.....

Over where the Construction crew is working, there is the rhythm of the hammering.....

In the Woodshop there is the sound of machines as they hum.....

On the porch one hears folksingers as they strum...

Or as they sing or dance the hora, or just sit and talk.....

Then there's rhythm in Dave's baton as he urges the chorus to sing on and on....

Inside the social hall there's the beat of the drum as the dance groups leap across the room...

On Fridays one can find rhythm in the hands of collators as they make up the Weeder's digest out of separate pages.....

In the Art Shop there is rhythm in the raising and the lowering of the silk screen.....

But near the woods, under the trees, is the Print Shop where there are rhythms galore...

Start at the beginning, the creak of the door.....

Then there's the picking of typewriters and the clacking mimeo machines.....

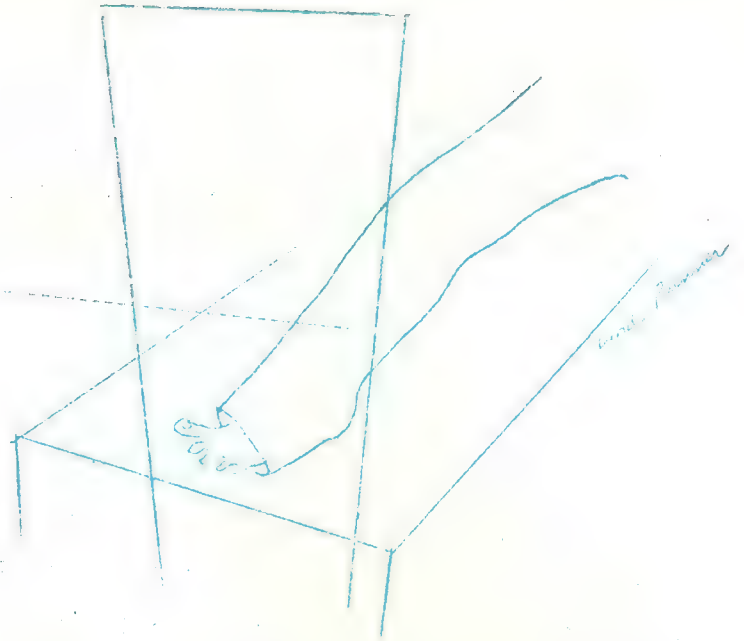
The ring of the press as people print stationery, the whirl of the Print Shop fan...

RHYTHM IN THE VOICES OF A HARMONIOUS GROUP

RHYTHM AS WE ALL TROOP OFF TO A MEAL:

WRITTEN BY THE CREATIVE
WRITING GROUP AND COMPILED
BY SUSI WILNER

past my door



I see Buck's Rock through a door. I see the first rays of dawn peek around the door frame. I see the motions of a waking camp through my door. The girls clad in bathrobes and pincurls clutching towels and toothbrushes rushing past my door. People shivering in the cold morning going up to breakfast. People running this way and that when the work gong rings. Boys wearing dungarees and work gloves on their way to a hard morning's work at the farm. Girls with tennis rackets; ther's no doubt where they're going. Young people with crops and boots on their way to the barn for a date with the horses. The Maintenance Crew, with its never-ending job of fixing what other people break. Boys and girls carrying guitar cases up to the oak tree for lessons or folk singing sessions. Then the lunch gong sounds and people flock to the dining room.

In the afternoon boys rush by with baseball bats and girls in their swimsuits try to catch the last truck before it leaves. I see them gathering for supper as the sun goes down and the trees across the road darken with twilight. As it gets darker all I see is the dark gray of the sky with black trees rising to meet it, and an occasional patch of red or white as somebody walks by.

I hear Buck's Rock through a door. The wake-up gong sounding like thunder in the distance. A jazz record in the Girl's House to wake up the sleepy-heads. The noise of a rising camp. The talking and singing and laughter. The guitars sounding from under the oak tree, the modern music from the dance rehearsals, the chorus and orchestra rehearsals, and the cheering from the baseball field. But especially the gong sounding at intervals throughout the day.

I meet Buck's Rock through a door. A friend comes in to play chess. Girls stop by to lend me some books. Counselors drop in to say hello. Boys on their way to work do the same.

This is Buck's Rock through my door.

DAVID ALLAN

Addie's Oddities



Day in day out, Addie takes shopping orders and buys the product the customer wants. But one fine morning she came across this order: Please buy me one Minipoo. "How what in the world (or out of it) is a MINIPOO?" She continued her debating. "Maybe it's a small version of Winkle the Poo, it might be a word spelled backwards (oopihis). That won't do."

Finally, after many minutes of asking and deliberation, she found the answer from a counselor. A Minipoo is a waterless shampoo.

Another time she found in the shopping box an order for a whoopia. "These campers are getting crazier every day. The next thing someone will order is octopus wool." And with a shudder she went to town to buy a whoopia.

First she went to a sports store. The salesman said that they didn't carry a lariat by that name. He thought it might be a yodeling call, but the store didn't carry yodeling calls. Would ^{you} guess that a whoopia is a petticoat?

And guess what order she received a few days later. You guessed it. Pink and blue octopus wool.



at
your
service



A shrill scream pierced the evening calm. Since it is dinnertime, the cry is easily explained; another camper has been shot stealing an extra cup of juice. Under the direction of General Richard Schiffer (known to his men as "Shifty"), C.I.T.s, armed with 45 caliber automatics vigilantly guard the food supply six times a day. It is not easy to train a C.I.T. to serve. First he must be brain-washed. This is done by placing the head of the C.I.T. in a solution of Bichloride of Mercury for three hours. The second step, and the harder of the two, as "Shifty" will tell you, is the teaching of secret military police tactics. The C.I.T. must be taught to be mean, shifty (naturally), and hard-boiled. It helps to be a good shot, but at such close range, marksmanship is not very important.

To illustrate how well "shifty" trains his men (and women) I will tell one of the more celebrated cases from the secret files of the head of the organization (code name OINY).

It was first breakfast, Wednesday, August 2nd. My partner, Frank Smith, and I had been assigned to the prune squad. -7:46 a.m. a call from "Shifty" informs us that someone has been throwing ~~prune~~ pits on the floor. Our job: Get him! We stationed ourselves at strategic spots in the Social Hall. Then we waited. Soon someone dropped a pit. We nabbed him, and the case was closed. This shrewd reasoning (and so early in the morning too) brought us great accolades of praise and an extra week of serving!!!

Thus ends the saga of the server.

The ordinarily relaxed feeling that is experienced after the termination of evening activity, is somewhat diminished because of the pleasant anticipation of having O.D.

With this comforting thought in mind, you race down to the Girls' Annex or Girls' House (whichever the case may be) to find it in a complete state of chaos, probably more so this particular evening, since you're the lucky individual that is responsible for getting some thirty romantically foolish girls to enter the land of nod.

You stand and ponder amid all the confusion and wonder how such a task can ever be accomplished. However, your thoughts are abruptly interrupted by the boisterous clamor of half a dozen girls racing to a mirror to grin diabolically at their greasy, slimy faces, that have just undergone their complete daily lubrication job.

Before long, your mind, once indecisive about the situation, becomes decisive and, taking the initiative, you rush the squealing females into their respective rooms. After you have partially succeeded in keeping the noise down to a low roar, the ever so subtle aroma of salami reaches your nose.

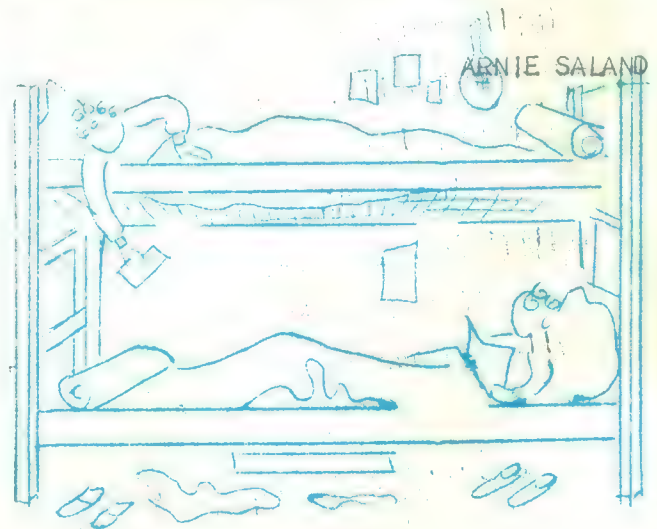
Then come endless trips to the bathroom; more eating; world-catastrophic conferences; innumerable other chores that simply must be done before the much-needed sleep can possibly begin.

At last, after hours have seemingly elapsed, the house rests in tranquility. You sit once again and wonder how in the world you ever did it.

JANE LASHINS

BEDTIME

To the older generation, and I dare say to the younger one, too, the sweetest word in the world is sleep. Each morn when you are forced out of beds by a glass of cold water, you make a promise to yourself that tonight, yes, tonight is the night when you will sleep. All day long you await that wonderful moment when you will have a decent night's rest. When at last that moment comes, you all fall half-dead into the bunk. "Five minutes till lights out!" And then from the next bunk you hear a shout of, "Who's the dirty bum who stole my pajamas?" Ah, finally, lights out. Then you settle yourself down to a long winter's nap in the summer. Suddenly out of the darkness you hear a shrill cry of "Who wants bologna?" Immediately everyone except you (hm, hm, hm) shouts out, "Food, food, you know who's the hungriest guy in camp." You settle down to bed with a full stomach and are practically asleep when the O.D. comes in, shines his flashlight in your face and says, "O.K., I'm the boss, no trouble, no noise and we'll get along fine. O.K. Check. Right. By the way, who has any high class literature? (Comics)" Finally you give up hope, turn on your radio, and resign yourself to a life of yawning.



tent beautiful

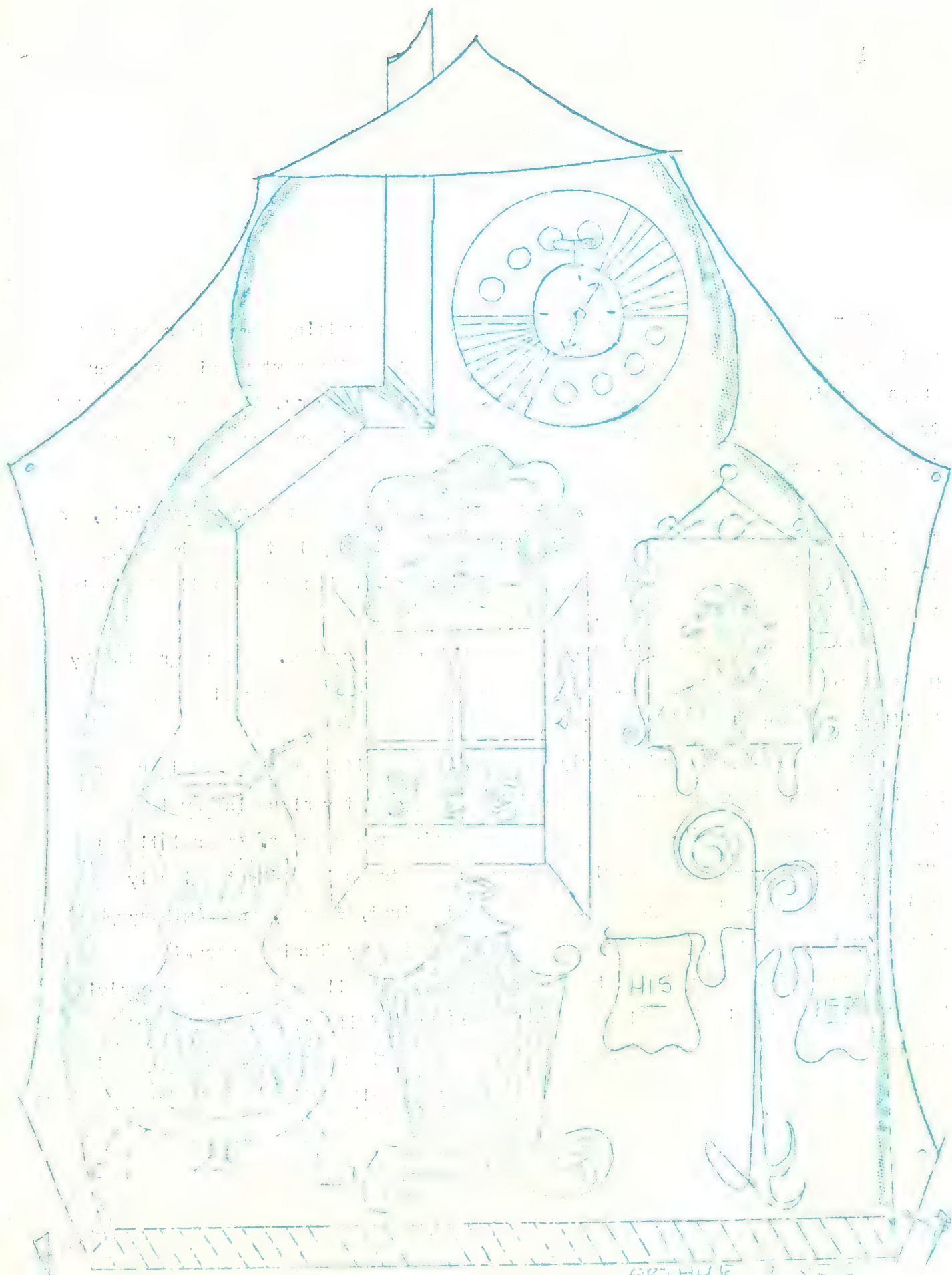
When the members of tent 4 entered their domicile, they came to the conclusion that there was something lacking. Could it be that we needed a window perhaps? With geraniums in the flower box? Could it be that we needed a pot bellied stove to keep us warm when the cool Buck's Rock breezes would blow up our tent flaps? Or possibly a brass birdcage for our pet canary and a towel rack for our towels? We all thought it over. We pondered and pondered. But suddenly one thought entered our minds. Nothing in Buck's Rock is impossible.

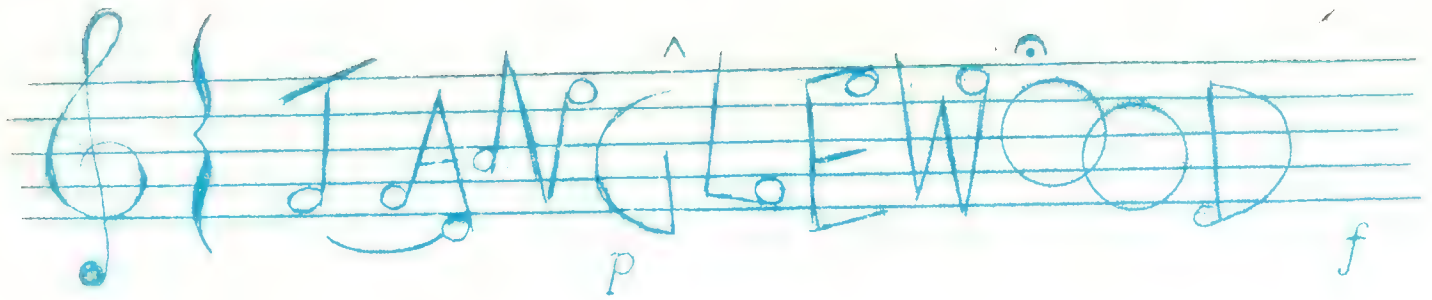
Our crafty eyes caught glimpses of cans of paint being thrown out after being used on the stage sets for "An Italian Straw Hat". We quickly saved them from their oncoming fate and swiftly carried them back to the cold bleak and bare tent. The next best substitute for the real thing was of course painting on the canvas inside the tent. We got busy mixing the paints and proceeded to create a thing of lasting beauty. In addition to the above mentioned items, we put a picture of "Grandpa" on the wall, plus an antique wall clock, shelves with books and a potted ivy plant and of course, last but not least, the words "Home Sweet Home" above the door. It was finally complete and each one of us felt like a brand new papa after the birth of his first child. Our tent had all the comforts of a furnished apartment except for a potted palm.

Again we did the next best thing. Do you remember the big myrtle in "An Italian Straw Hat"? Well, guess what happened to it? The myrtle that I mentioned became "THE" potted palm of our tent. The tent was now complete, and of course, like the proud papas were, we all thought it was beautiful.

ARTHUR LINDO

P.S. The tent will be on exhibition during the last week of camp for those who have not yet seen it.





After a hectic day spent ironing dresses, and consulting each other as to the most appropriate thing to wear to Tanglewood, we awoke the next morning to hear drops of rain pattering softly on the roof. We groaned several times and proceeded to slosh up to the social hall, where we pounced on Ernie en masse and requested forcefully that we go.

Whether it was the fact that he was surrounded by some twenty noisy girls, or the fact that he saw some blue showing through the clouds, that made him change his mind, we will never know. At any rate at 10:30 A.M. four buses full of singing campers rolled off to Tanglewood.

After a very pleasant ride through beautiful countryside, we were greeted by the tall trees at the entrance. Full of energy, we soon found ourselves on a familiar, long Buck's Rock lunch line.

Lunch over, we all went eagerly to tour the beautiful grounds and look for people we knew. After an hour during which we stopped at various intervals to devour ice cream and talk, the gong rang announcing the concert. (no relation to ours we think-----Ed.) We settled down under the trees to enjoy the lovely music of Beethoven. The program consisted of his first, fourth, and sixth symphonies, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and conducted by Charles Munch.

The beautiful music whiled the afternoon away and all too soon we were driving back to camp, folk-singing all the way. We went gratefully to bed humming the strains of music and looking forward to more wonderful excursions.

LINDA KRIMSLEY
OLLIE WEIL

W

hen the customary day in camp has ended, and second supper has long passed, there comes a time that is devoted specifically to our evening entertainment. This after dark recreation period consists of the many activities that represent the various interests throughout the camp.

To exemplify, there is every week at least one sports night. This usually enables the ardent baseball fans to watch their favorite Buck's Rock team vs. the New Milford team in an exciting game.

Then for those individuals whose interests are on the more cultural side, there is on occasion, a poetry corner and classical music. There are also discussions that are held frequently throughout the week. Among them are the psychology discussions that Ernie conducts every Saturday evening. By the end of such sessions, he usually succeeds in making some of his faithful audience feel that they need a good psychologist, or wonder, if not, why not.

Square dancing, one of the main highlights around the camp, is looked forward to and eagerly participated in at least once a week and sometimes more. Under the able and enthusiastic direction of Alan (Yo-Yo) Joseph, the campers gather around on the tennis courts for a gay and most enjoyable evening.

On Wednesday nights, all the eager movie-goers have their chance to feel right at home. Amidst all the mosquitoes at the camp-fire site, we sit and watch "Golden Boy," "All the King's Men," "Woman in the Window," "You Can't Take It With You," "A Walk in the Sun," "His Girl Friday," "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," and "Duck Soup."

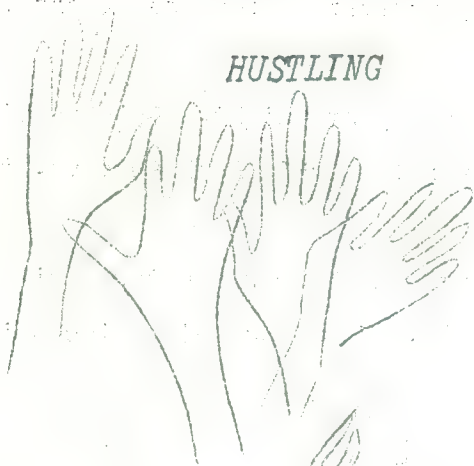
And as if that doesn't suffice for our evening activities, there are also plays, pageants, dance recitals, quiz programs, campfires, and folksinging.

To the entertainment committee, headed by Elsa Walberg, goes our appreciation for planning all of our very enjoyable evening activities.

JANE LASHINS



HUSTLING



SERVING



NOSHING



SWEATING

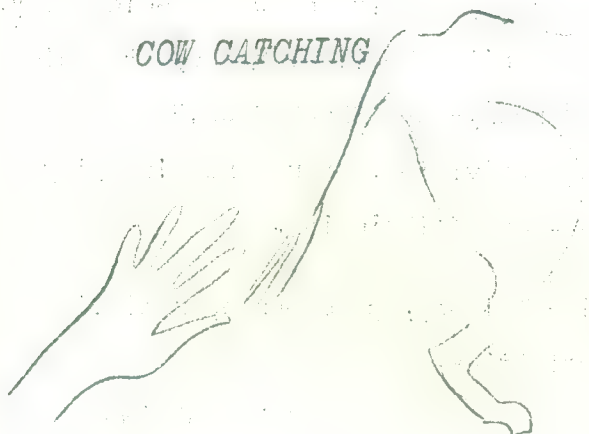


INTERIOR DECORATING

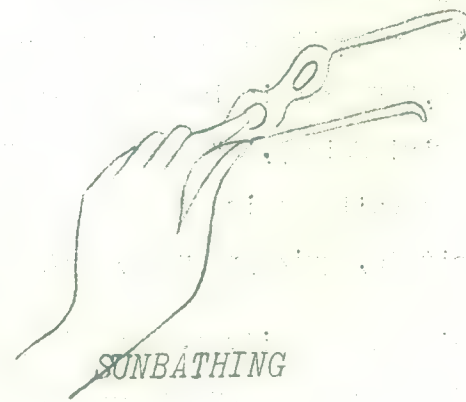


COOLING OFF

COW CATCHING



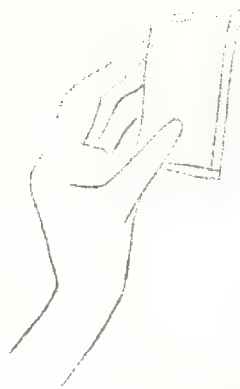
SUNBATHING



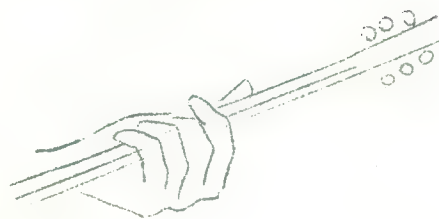
HUSKING



Sue Berman



I DOUBT YOU-ING



BANJOING



GOOFING OFF

O.D.-ING



LOSING SLEEP

.....some **OTHER** buck's rock activities

KIBITZING



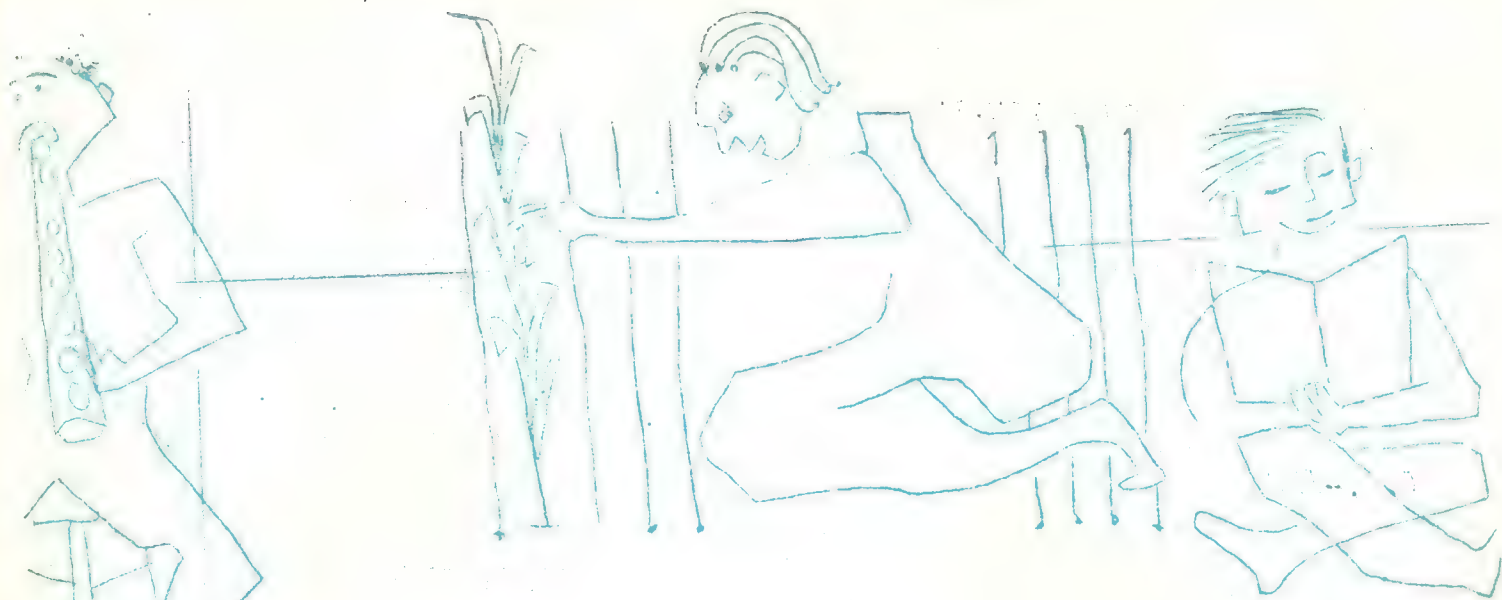
GOSSIPING



JACKSING



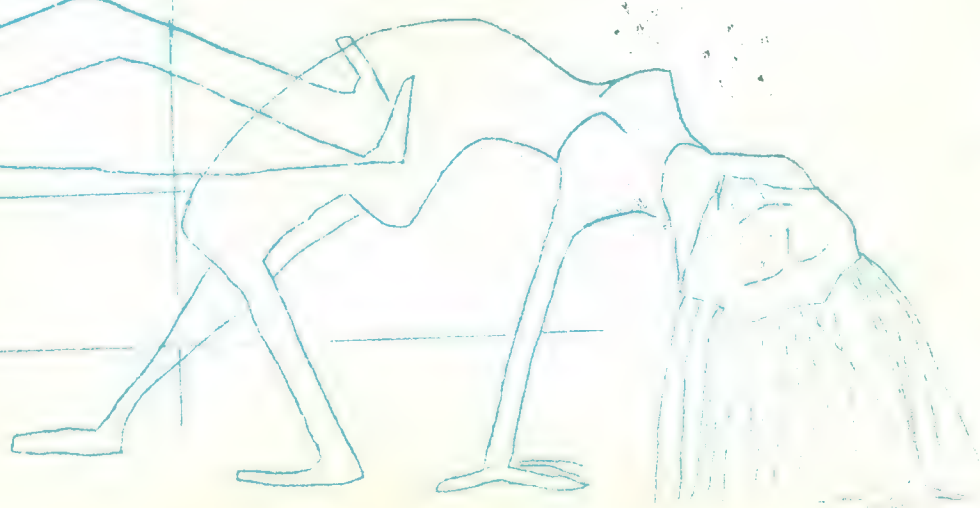
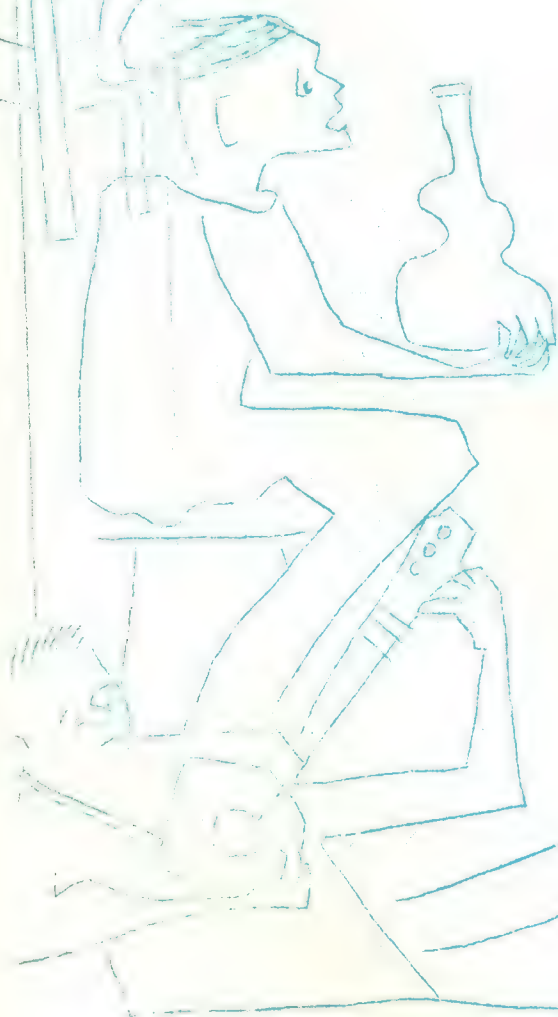
PHONING



camp characters

Upon wandering through the camp,
A visitor might see
A varied array of people,
Each behaving differently.

He might encounter a person,
Who though interested in much,
Participates in so many things,
That little becomes of such.



He might encounter a person
Who is athletically inclined,
And finds he has not any time
For work of any kind.

He might encounter a person
Whose intentions are very many,
But who lacks the sufficient ability,
And doesn't accomplish any.

He might encounter a person
Who exists day after day,
By lying in his bunk
With little to do or to say.

He might encounter a person
Who filled with spirit galore,
Has much to do in all the shops
And even time for more.

He might encounter a person
Whose health is his main concern
He takes endless trips to Anna,
For illnesses he yearns.

He would surely encounter a person
One or possibly two,
He might be wandering through the camp
And even encounter YOU.

JANE LASHINS



THE BUCK'S ROCK SPIRIT

The end of the summer? It went so fast, but every minute was wonderful! Why was this season, this camp, above all, so rewarding? No one told me to engage in any one activity, or how long to spend on something. I had the whole summer before me, to do whatever I wanted with it.

Buck's Rock, I think, has an interesting spirit. It isn't the spirit you find while cheering your home team to victory. That kind of spirit is noisy, and concentrated at intervals. It hasn't the spirit that comes from sticking together with your bunkmates constantly, and never going anywhere without them. Buck's Rock doesn't need color war, or prizes for all the best art work. The spirit of Buck's Rock is quiet, and constant.

My first impression of Buck's Rock was that it was like a community. During the day, everyone leaves his bunk and goes his separate way, to the shops, the farm, or maybe one of the arts. But in the evening, everyone is together again, perhaps in folksinging, square dancing, or seeing a dramatic production. It reminds me of a family, each member going his own way in the morning - school, play, work, shopping. The family is reunited again in the evening while watching television, or doing homework, or just talking.

The Buck's Rock spirit is something that you will never forget. You will always remember the friends you made, the activities you wanted to do, and the lasting, everlasting spirit that entangles every Buck's Rocker in its endless web.

That is the spirit of Buck's Rock, which makes a summer so enjoyable and rewarding.

CAROL HOFFMAN

1:00 - 3:00 P.M.

SHOP EXHIBITION IN THE SOCIAL HALL
FARM SELLING AND DISPLAYS ON MALL

2:30 P.M.

FENCING EXHIBIT ON BADMINTON COURT

3:30 P.M.

SQUARE DANCE EXHIBITION ON BADMINTON COURT

4:00 - 5:30 P.M.

ORCHESTRA, DANCE RECITAL, AND CHORUS AT STAGE



buck's rock work camp annual
festival sunday, august 21, 1955.

5:30 - 7:30 P.M.

SUPPER SERVED TO ALL OUR GUESTS

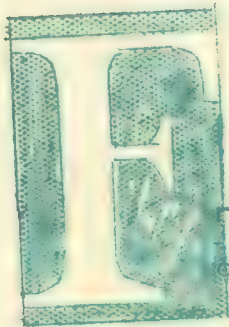
8:00 - 10:00 P.M.

FOLK OPERA 'DOWN IN THE VALLEY'
BY KURT WEIL AND ARNOLD SUNDGAARD

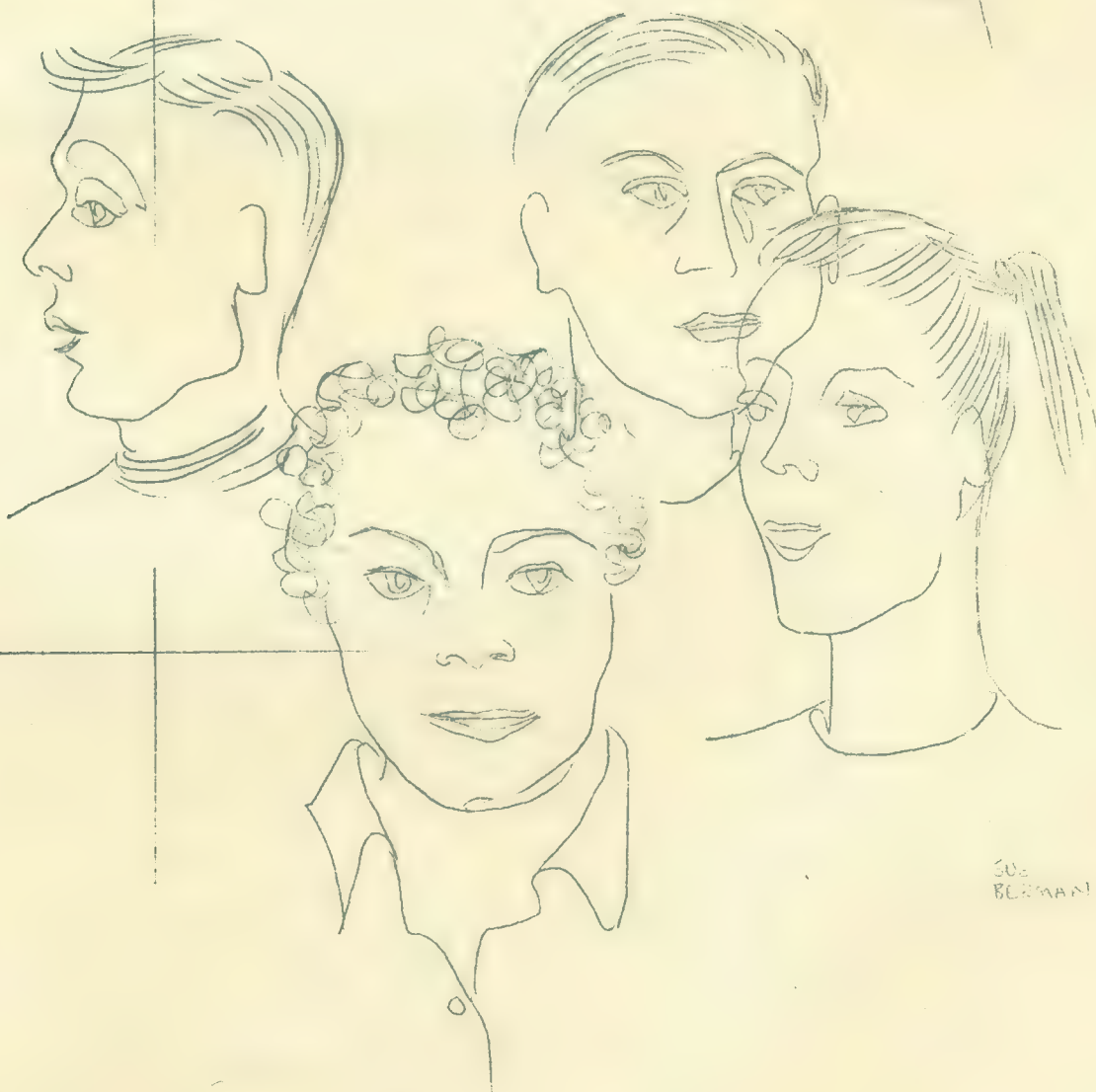
A PLAY 'BURY THE DEAD' BY IRWIN SHAW
BOTH OPERA AND PLAY WILL BE AT THE STAGE

10:00 - 11:00 P.M.

SQUARE DANCING FOR EVERYONE AT TENNIS COURT



Friendship is like a sheltering tree; the
older it grows, the stronger it gets.



SUE
BERMAN



Once--the world, a void;
Aimless, unknowing creatures
wandering, afraid, alone.

Each--a savage pure.
Then, but himself important;
Progressing little as one.

Now--with many here,
No one need be alone.
Together, to live, to love.

But--isn't now the time;
Each must know this, the truth:
To progress, all must be joined.

Together the many climb,
Where alone the savage crawled.

J. Lehigh

THANKS

DOCTOR BARYSH ... without him, some
of our aches and pains would still
be aches and pains

ANNA & LIBBY ... for helping us get
rid of minor ailments - especially
P.L.

PETE & HIS DINING ROOM STAFF ...
Food, food, for 300 hungry mouths -
all prepared by Pete and his staff

*JESSE ADLER & HIS MAINTENANCE
CREW* ... they fix anything that goes
wrong

*HERTHA WERNER, DORIS ADLER, AND
HELENE ROSENSWEIG* ... money, money
and more money - they take care of
our accounts and our mail

*PETE HALL, HANK SWEETBAUM, AND
KEN POPE* ... for TRYING to keep our
campus clean

DESTINY IS ALWAYS A WOMAN....

C	Arlene Alterman Gail Augrist	2115 - 34th Ave., L.I., 6, N.Y. 1605 Kipling Rd., Elizabeth, N.J.	Yo 2 2138 Ei 2 3692
D	Marjorie Baer Emily Barish Andrea Barison Rima Berg Elizabeth Berliner Susan Berman Alma Benney Deborah Bersin Barbara Bless Susan Blazer Anne Blumenfeld Linda Brenner Barbara Braun Barbara Bulova	235 Ft. Washington Ave., New York 32 52 Charles St., New York 14 306 Frances St., Teaneck, N.J. 6330 Glenwood Ct., Rego Park 74, N.Y. Glengary Rd., Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 138 Columbia Heights Brooklyn 1, N.Y. 152 West 57th Street New York 19 45 Westminster Rd., Brooklyn 18, N.Y. 4108 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn 35, N.Y. 48 - 31st Ave., Paterson, N.J. 360 Riverside Dr., N.Y. 114 Prospect Ave., Melrose Pk., Phila. 110-45 - 71st Rd., Forest Hills 75, N.Y. 50 Elm St., Glens Falls, N.Y., Glens Falls	Wa 3 7711 Ch 2 3828 Te 6 2491 Tw 6 0415 Cr 1 3356 Ul 5 6990 Cl 7 1460 In 2 1100 De 2 3185 La 3 1544 Ac 2 2213 Me 5 0151 Bo 1 8563 -- 2 3023
C	Elva Ann Chernow Margo Chusid Carol Cohen Laurie Alice Cohen Suzanne Cohn Sydney Lou Cullinen	50 Burton Ave., Woodmere, L.I. 74 Parcot Ave., New Rochelle, N.Y. 3 Windsor Ave., Melrose Pk., Phila., Pa. 1136 Coolidge Rd., Elizabeth, N.J. 235 West 76th Street New York 23 35-45 - 223rd Street Bayside, N.Y.	Fr 4 1607 Nr 2 5029 Me 5 1541 Ei 5 1923 Su 7 3058 Ba 9 2963
d	Joyce Danin Ella Dobkin	173-25 Croydon Road, Jamaica 32, N.Y. 2550 University Ave., New York 68	Ol 7 0392 Cy 5 4977
e	Karen Eisenberg Lois Engelson Julie Euben	143 Douglas Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. 2212 Myon Ave., Bronx 62, N.Y. 141-42 - 70th Rd., Kew Gardens, N.Y.	Yo 8 5071 Ty 2 6080 Bo 3 8450
f	Marjorie Fields	82-67 Austin St., Kew Gardens, N.Y.	VI 7 9890
g	Jane Geller Judy Gingold Joan Glassheim Ellen Goldfield Anita Goldberg Ellen Golomb Allison Goodwin Deborah Gordon Debbie Gorman Barbara Graera Ruth Grossman	270 West End Ave., New York 617 West End Ave., New York 24 325 West End Ave., New York 23 1121 Kipling Rd., Elizabeth, N.J. 15 Chester Drive Great Neck, N.Y. 2121 Westbury Ct., Brooklyn, N.Y. 50 East 96th Street New York 58 Sterling St., Brooklyn 25, N.Y. 28 Metropolitan Oval Bronx, N.Y. 8 Wooley Lane Great Neck, N.Y. 138 Livingston Ave., New Brunswick, N.J.	En 2 9387 Tr 7 6450 Se 4 2034 Ei 5 3063 Gr 2 4074 In 2 2857 Sa 2 8670 Bu 2 4189 Un 3 6314 Gr 2 5325 Ch 9 4322
h	Hedy Harris Carol Hilton Jane Himer Carol Hoffman Carol Hoppenfeld	Hillandale Rd., Port Chester, N.Y. 156 Unionport Rd., Bronx, N.Y. 2 Wardover Rd., Eastchester, N.Y. 100-23 - 75th Ave., Forest Hills, N.Y. 200 Bennett Ave., New York	We 9 1448 Un 3 8645 Sp 9 1221 Bo 8 7973 Lo 8 1877
k	Arlene Kagie Sandra Kahn Ilene Kaplan Paula Katz Judy Klein Susan Kohn Janet Konig	287 St. John's Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. Worthington Rd., White Plains, N.Y. 7 Eastdale Rd., White Plains, N.Y. 175 West 93rd Street, New York 66 East 196th Street New York 68 1225 Park Ave., New York 57 Montgomery Pl., Brooklyn 15, N.Y.	Yo 5 7564 Wh 6 3919 Wh 6 9294 Ri 9 6303 Cy 8 1341 Sa 2 6153 Ma 2 7527

K	Amy Kovner Karen Krasner Judith Krasnow Linda Krimsley	151 Central Park W., New York City 12 Cooper Rd., Scarsdale, N.Y. 143 Douglas Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. 416 E. 58th St., New York City 22	Sc 4 5566 Sc 5 1344 Yo 8 6322 El 5 0338
L	Ellen Larsen Elizabeth Jane Lauter Sylvia Leonard Julie Levin Linda Levine Lois Levitt Susan Levy Carol Lewis	18 Lynack Rd., Hawthorne, N.Y. 3616 Henry Hudson Pkway., N.Y. 697 West End Ave., N.Y. 3593 Bainbridge Ave., N.Y. 67, N.Y. 785 West End Ave., N.Y. City 220 W. 93rd St., N.Y. City 188-50A-71st Crescent, Flushing 65, N.Y. 3488 Wilson Ave., Bronx	La 7 4843 Ki 8 3120 Ac 2 8741 Ol 2 4337 Mo 2 9666 Su 7 16672 Ol 8 3415 Ol 2 8741
M	Rebecca Manoil Lois Max Beth Massey Barbara Miller Joan Miller Ann Morrison Helen Moses	314 Chemung St., Waverly, N.Y. 62 Sutton Pl., Lawrence, N.Y. 1026 East 38th St. Brooklyn, 10, N.Y. 67-85 Exeter St., Forest Hills, N.Y. 67-85 Exeter St., Forest Hills, N.Y. 162-01 Powells Cove Blvd. Beechurst N.Y. 1575 Unionport Rd., New York 62, N.Y.	Waverly -- -- 390 Ce 9 1761 Es 7 7660 Bo 8 5092 Bo 8 5092 In 1 943 Un 3 0978
O	Lydia Orens	422 East 38th St. Paterson, N.Y.	Sh 2 18398
P	Susanne Panken Marion Perkins Susan Pines Nancy Prince	1441-53rd Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 285 Central Park West, N.Y. City 1595 Unionport Rd., Bronx 62, N.Y. 300 Ft. Washington Ave., N.Y. 32, N.Y.	Ul 1 6602 Sq 4 8762 Ta 2 0957 Wa 3 7960
R	Judy Rappaport Amy Raskin Sheila Read Nora Ellen Reiner Janet Rose Ellen Rosenberg Alice Rosenthal Doris Rosenthal Barbara Ross Betty Ross	98-15 65th Rd., Forest Hills, N.Y. 118 E. 93rd St., New York City 127 East 90th St. N.Y. 108--81st Ave., Kew Gardens 15 67-71 Yellow Stone Blvd., Forest Hills, NY Hillside Rd., Bronxville, N.Y. 2591 Bainbridge Ave., Bronx 57, N.Y. 7944 Montgomery Ave., Elkins Park 17, Pa. 3426--84th St., Jackson Heights 72, N.Y. 326 Church Ave., Woodmere, L.I.	Il 9 6181 At 9 2791 El 8 8563 Li 4 5041 Li 4 3080 De 7 1930 Ol 2 6155 Mo 5 2691 Ha 9 6688 In 2 2857
S	Alice Sainer Alice Saland Marjorie Saphier Gail Schiffer Alice Schweig Betty Laura Schwimmer Phyllis Seaman Linda Shapiro Rosalie Siegal Madeleine Soyka Rena Spiegel Barbara Srulovitz Susan Swick	263 Frances St., Teaneck, N.J. 35-53-82nd Street, Jackson Heights, N.Y. 1070 Links Rd., Woodmere, N.Y. 1351 E. 29th St. Brooklyn 10, N.Y. 355 Pelhamdale Ave., Pelham, N.Y. 764 Carrol Pl., Teaneck, N.Y. 600 E. 26th St., Brooklyn 10, N.Y. 267-04 Bridgewater Ave., Glen Oaks, Fl. 16 East 90th St., New York 29, N.Y. 478 Arizona Ave., Rockville Centre, N.Y. 3591 Bainbridge Ave., Bronx 67, N.Y. 29 Brite Ave., Scarsdale, N.Y. 45 East End Ave., New York 28, N.Y.	To 6 3880 No 9 4434 Fr 11 1945 Es 7 10925 Pa 8 3055 To 6 7055 Ge 4 6151 Fl Pk 3 6235 St 9 7525 Ro 6 3985 Ki 7 9220 Sc 3 5445 Tr 9 6242
T	Susan Teschner Eileen Thaler	37 Oxford Rd., White Plains, N.Y. 570 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn 25, N.Y.	Wh 9 5794 Pr 4 5221
V	Jane Victor	3508 Kings College Pl., Bronx 67, N.Y.	Ki 7 9225

W	Alice Weiss	9851-65th Ave. Rego Park 74 N.Y.	II 9 4638
	Judy Weiss	1520 Archer Rd. Bronx 62 N.Y.	Un 3 3047
	Penelope Weiss	228 West 82nd Street New York 24, N.Y.	Tr 3 4278
	Elly Wile	74 Burton Ave. Woodmere L.I. N.Y.	Fr 4 3206
	Mary Carol Wolf	952 Allen Lane Woodmere L.I. N.Y.	Fr 4 0324
Z	Barbara Zuckerman	105 E. 177th Street, New York, 53, N.Y.	Tr 2 6495
	Judy Lober	306 Westwood Road, Woodmere L.I. N.Y.	Fr 4 0981
	Natalie Siegel	16 East 98th St., N.Y. 29, N.Y.	At 9 7525
	Lenore (Lee) Weiss	772 46th St. Bklyn 4, New York	Ui 3 9504

**I'M A SELF-MADE MAN, BUT I THINK IF I
HAD TO DO IT OVER AGAIN, I'D CALL IN SOMEONE ELSE**

a	David Allan Peter Anson <u>Ben Apfelbaum</u> Samuel Aster	813 East 51st St., Brooklyn 3, N.Y. 805 N. 25th St., Allentown, Pa. <u>717 Webster Ave., New Rochelle, N.Y.</u> 952 East 26th St., Brooklyn 10, N.Y.	In 9 1466 He 4 3467 Ne 6 4666 Na 8 5443
b	Mark Baskir Robert Blank Norman Brettschneider Henry Bushkin	1620 Avenue J, Brooklyn 30, N.Y. 9955 65th Ave., Forest Hills, N.Y. 2734 Bainbridge Ave., Bronx 58, N.Y. 62-61 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills	Na 8 6363 Il 9 6537 Cy 5 8143 Bo 8 7359
c	Steven Cades Charles Cantor Jeffrey Chambers Michael Chernuchin Melvin Chilewich Lawrence Cohen Selwyn Cohen	544 West Hatter St., Phila., 19, Pa. 90 Piccadilly Downs, Lynbrook, N.Y. 601 West 160th St., New York 32, N.Y. 610 West End Ave., New York City 45 Magnolia Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 70 Green Acres Ave., Scarsdale, N.Y. 1187 East 214th St., Bronx, N.Y.	Vi 4 9187 Ly 3 7778 Wa 3 4623 Tr 7 5702 Mo 7 4682 Sc 3 7789 Ol 2 6045
d	Ronald Danzig Richard A. Daynard Roy Duboff	553 Rochelle Terrace, Pelham Manor, N.Y. 55 Central Park West, New York 137-14 Frances Lewis Blvd., Laurelton 13	Pe 8 3739 Ly 5 7271 La 8 8448
e	Harvey Edelman Butch Eisen Albert Epstein	178-32 Wexford Terr., Jamaica, N.Y. 100 Ridge St. Yonkers, N.Y. 1806 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn 4, N.Y.	Ol 8 7341 Yo 3 1845 De 9 8357
f	Robert Faber Robert Fell Stephen Figler Neil Fishbein Peter Friedenberg	138-31 234th St., Laurelton, N.Y. 515 R.S. Blvd., Long Beach, N.Y. 208 Angler Ave., Palm Beach, Fla. 975 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 85-50 Forest Pkwy., Woodhaven, N.Y.	La 5 5887 Lo 6 4660 WPB 4 0560 Wy 2 4110 Vi 9 8118
g	Peter Gage Martin Ganzglass John Garber Jeff Gilbert Drew Gluck Henry Goldstein	78-11 Main St., Flushing, N.Y. 2825 Webb Ave., Bronx 68, N.Y. 911 Walton Ave., Bronx 52, N.Y. 345 East 58th St., New York City 112-50 78th Ave., Forest Hills, N.Y. 183 E. Devonia Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Ax 7 0746 Ki 3 4408 Wy 2 3822 Pl 3 1125 Li 4 0159 Mo 7 7781
h	John Hack James Harris Brook Hart Stephen Heller	85 Strong St., New York 68, N. Y. 15 South Drive, Larchmont, N. Y. 306 Membourne Rd., Great Neck N. Y. 561 Springdale Ave., East Orange, N. J.	Kl 6 3058 La 2 5569 Gr 2 7712 Or 2 1537
j	Andrew Jampoler Peter Jasen	1244 Grant Avenue, New York City. 225 East Penn St. Long Beach, N. Y.	Lo 6 2155 Lo 6 0325
k	Steven Kagle Marvin Karp Peter Kasdan Robert Lee Kehlmann Joel Klausman Bert Kleinman Richard Kohn Jon Kenheim Charles Koshetz Stephen Kurtzer	287 St. John's Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. 3540 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 730 E. 9th St., Brooklyn 30, N. Y. 2432 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn 29, N. Y. 110-35- 68th Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y. 6784 Groten St., Forest Hills, L. I., N.Y. 1225 Park Ave., New York City 500 West End Ave., New York City 387 E. 4th St., Brooklyn 18, N. Y. 611 W. 237th Street, Riverdale 63, N. Y.	Yo 5 7221 Ch 8 1442 Ge 4 8339 De 2 1207 Li 4 4792 Bo 8 4251 Sa 2 6153 Tr 7 3999 G- 6 8431 Ki 8 3160
l	Mark Langsam Richard Hoover Lee	69-36 Fleet St., Forest Hills, N. Y. 192 Lincoln Pl., Tuckahoe 7, N. Y.	Bo 8 8523 Wo 1 8467

<i>l</i>	Daniel Landers Ralph Lehman Seth Liebler Stan Leibowitz David Lubeil Jonathan S. Lyons	85 Birchall Drive Scarsdale, N.Y. 151 Sperry Blvd., New Hyde Park L.I. N.Y. 611 Empire Blvd., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. 1589 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. N. Highland Pl., Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 175 W. 79th St. New York City	Sc 3 7798 Fi 2 7638 Sl 6 5439 El 2 5075 Or 1 3432 Sc 4 5299
<i>m</i>	Jonathan Marks Arthur Mellon Andy Meltzer	117-16 Park Lane, Kew Gardens 18, N.Y. 70-40 Juno St., Forest Hills 75, N.Y. 41 Neptune Ave., Woodmere L.I.	Bo 1 6819 Li 4 1618 Fr 4 3309
<i>n</i>	Michael Nachwatter	75 Thayer St., New York City	Lo 7 3293
<i>p</i>	Joel Pensky Daniel Perl David Pines Peter Politzer Mathew Pollack Danny Poresky	2167-81st St., Brooklyn 14, N.Y. 6439-98th St., Forest Hills, N.Y. 1595 Unionport Rd., Bronx 62, N.Y. 331 E. 71st Street, New York 21, N.Y. 35 Willow Pond Lane, Hewlett Harbor 2615 Washington St. Allentown, Pa. Hemlock-	Be 6 1100 Il 9 5935 1st 2 0957 Rh 4 3510 Fr 4 4769 - 2 8493
<i>r</i>	Ben Rifkin Peter Rosenow Richard Rosenow	3835 Bainbridge Ave., New York 63, N.Y. 2641 Marion Ave., Bronx 58, N.Y. 2641 Marion Ave., Bronx 58, N.Y.	KI 8 0828 Fo 5 8885 Fo 5 8885
<i>s</i>	Arnold Salend David Schachter Charles Saloman David Sandau Eric Sarkin Richard Sussman Andrew Siegel Richard Siegal Martin Sklar Alan Snyder William J. Sohn Richard Sosis Daniel Strauss William Lee Sydney	35-53-82nd St., Jackson Heights, N.Y. 38 Bank St., New York 14, N.Y. 1200 Fifth Ave., New York City 12 Monroe St., New York City 82-24-135th St., Kew Gardens 35, N.Y. 3488 Wilson Ave. Bronx, N.Y. Elkins Court Apts., Elkins Park, Pa. 751 Vine St., Elizabeth, N.J. 7531-189th St., Flushing 66, N.Y. 360 Cabrini Blvd., New York 67, N.Y. 215 E. Gun Hill Rd., New York 67, N.Y. 1520 Archer Rd., Bronx, N.Y. 501 E. Gorges Lane, Philadelphia 19, Pa. 30 E. 71st St. New York City	Ne 9 4434 Ch 3 3941 At 9 7382 Be 3 4854 Bo 8 7612 Ol 4 5649 Me 5 2563 El 2 8972 Ho 5 7547 Wa 8 4657 Ol 2 8897 Ty 2 7606 Ch 7 9367 Tr. 9 9527
<i>t</i>	Richard Traum	200 W. 86th St., New York 24, N.Y.	En 2 7047
<i>w</i>	Barry Wachtel Joseph (Toby) Wachtel Joseph Wikler Juleon Winston Richard West Stuart Wurtzel	1572 E. 26th St., B'klyn 29, N.Y. 1031 E. 17th St., B'klyn 30, N.Y. 10 Eismere Rd., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 48 Sunlight Hill, Yonkers 4, N.Y. 207 S. West St., Allentown, Pa. 251 Conklin Ave., Hillside, N.J.	Cl 8 1004 Na 8 4473 Mo 8 0878 Yo 3 7417 He 4 6504 Wa 3 7430
<i>y</i>	Michael Young	178 Bon Air Ave., New Rochelle N.Y.	Ne 2 6251
	Danny Maizell Robert Teitelbaum Richard Valente David Paulson	64-32 228 St., Bayside, N.Y. 650 Ocean Ave., Bklyn., N.Y. 26 Prospect Ave., Sea Cliff, L.I. 14 Anchor Drive, Rye, New York	Ba. 5 0979 In. 9 5349 Gl 4 2751 MA 9-1460

*HARD WORK KILLS FEW
HONEST LABORING MEN*

<i>a</i>	Andrew Alpern	41 West 82nd St., N.Y., N.Y.	Bn 2 8450
<i>b</i>	Michael Baker Peter Bay Henry Berg Linda Berwitz Michael Blonstein Joanna Bulova	241 Stratford Road, Brooklyn 527 West 110 St., New York 75-04 184th St., Flushing, N.Y. 138-19 78 Ave., Flushing 67, N.Y. 67-76 Booth St., Forest Hills, N.Y. 3750 Hudson Manor Terr., Riverdale, N.Y.	Bu 4 7019 Ac 2 4228 Ja 3 0440 Re 9 5295 Tw 6 5717 Ki 8 3908
<i>c</i>	Alan N. Cahn Elly Citkowitz	108-32 65th Rd., Forest Hills, N.Y. 5634 Mosholu Ave., Riverdale 71, N.Y.	Il 9 4412 Ki 9 8717
<i>d</i>	Terry Davidson Ellen Diamond	1192 Park Avenue, New York 28, N.Y. 5444 Arlington Ave., Riverdale 71, N.Y.	Sa 2 8353 Ki 9 9406
<i>g</i>	Seth Goldstein Stanley Gottlieb	61 Bon Air Ave., New Rochelle, N.Y. 665 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn	Ne 6 5928 Ge 5 0198
<i>j</i>	Mike Jacobs	184-52 Grand Central Pkwy., Jamaica Est.	Ql 8 4107
<i>k</i>	Ann Kassner	75-23 196th St., Flushing 66, N.Y.	Ho 4 4644
<i>l</i>	Jane Lashins Barbara Leeds Elliot Lerman Marcia Levy Arthur Lindo Martin Lowy	Park Ridge, Ryer, New York 163 West 17th St., New York 2306 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn 29 444 Central Park West, New York 25 353 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, New York 4506 Henry Hudson Pkwy., Bronx 71, N.Y.	Ry 7 3833 Ch 2 0975 Lo 5 0747 Ac 2 4136 Bu 4 8457 Kl 8 0407
	Ted Makier George Marcus Ira Miller	2 Horatio St., N.Y. 18 Huntington Dr., Yonkers, N.Y. 586 Kosciusko St., Brooklyn 21	Ch 2 5830 Sa 7 6903 Gr 3 2497
<i>p</i>	Emily Perl Phyllis Poresky	6439 98th St., Forest Hills, New York 2615 Washington St., Allentown, Pa.	Il 9 0075 HD 2 0093
<i>r</i>	Don Raskin Isabel Raskin Joyce Rayvid Karia Riback Munro Ross	36 East 64th St., New York 21, N.Y. 18 East 93rd St., New York 28, N.Y. 244 Primrose Ave., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 70-33 137th St., Flushing 67, N.Y. 358 Ivy Lane, Englewood, New Jersey	Tb 8 8953 Af 9 2791 Mb 7 6736 Bs 3 2797 Eh 4 0538
<i>s</i>	Meri Schachter	38 Bank St., New York, N.Y.	Ch 3 3941
<i>t</i>	Walter Tillow	848 Guerlain St., Bronx 60, N.Y.	Tp 2 5729
<i>w</i>	Susan Wallenstein Susan Willner	1031 East 17th St., Brooklyn 30 359 Hewlett Lane, Hewlett Harbor, N.Y.	Na 8 4473 Fr 4 1730

MY FRIEND IS HE WHO HELPS
ME IN TIME OF NEED

Dave Dobkin
Pete Euben
Steve Goldstein
Arthur Laufer
Dan Wile
Peter Yamin
Jerry Pollen
Ken Pope
Rona Zall
Jerry Stoller

2550 University Avenue New York 68, N.Y. C-5-4977
141-42 70th Road, Kew Gardens Hills, N.Y. B043-8480
3009 Kingsbridge Terr. Bronx 63, N.Y. K1-3-0395
960 Park-Avenue New York, N.Y. RE-4-8944
74 Burton Avenue Woodmere, N.Y. FR-4-3206
16 West 77 St. New York 24, N.Y. EN-2-2718
105 Pinchurst Avenue New York 33, N.Y. WA-8-3207
540 Fort Washington Ave. N.Y. 33, N.Y. LO-8-9169
603 South 63rd St. Phila, Penn. GR-6-7138
1237 Woodycrest Avenue Bronx 57, N.Y. JE-8-3460

COOKERY HAS BECOME AN ART, A NOBLE SCIENCE..
COOKS ARE GENTLEMEN....

Etim A. Eissien
Leonard Frederick
A.E. Idem
Alvi and Martha Peipond
Mario Petrucelli
Richard A. Schiffer
J.J. Ukoidemabia

Morehouse College Atlanta, Ga.
237 Grant St. New York 2, N.Y.
Box 18, Howard University Washington, D.C.
2020 Walton Ave. Bronx 53, N.Y.
C/O Costello 3182 Avenue V. Bklyn, N.Y.
1351 E. 29th St. Brooklyn, N.Y.
Room 5 w 2, 17 W. 65 St. N.Y. 23, N.Y.

"THE SERVICE OF HEALING
IS NO EASY CALLING....."

DR. NOAH BARYSH

MAIN STREET NEW MILFORD CONN.

EL-4-5420

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF MEN -- THOSE WHO ARE BORN
TO PROTECT US AND THOSE WHO ARE BORN TO UNDERSTAND US

a	Doris & Josse Adler Sara & Harry Adler	East 96 Concord Dr. Paramus, N.Y. 813 E. 51 St. Brooklyn, N.Y.	Co 1 9054 In 9 1466
b	Gerald (Red) Barden Bob Benson Adelaide & Lloyd Berner Alan Blank Steve Bulova	120 Brookside Rd. Danion, Conn. 7 Monticott Dr. Huntington, L.I., N.Y. Portia School Jacksonville, Fla. 92-15 65 Ave. Forest Hills, N.Y. 1621 Yale Station New Haven, Conn.	Da 5 0988 Co 2 5528j Fi 9 6640 Il 9 6537
c	Les Charlow Pete Cohen	2165 Chatterton Ave. Bronx, N.Y. 70 Greenhouses Ave. Scarsdale, N.Y.	Ta 9 0480 Sc 3 7789
e	Eric Elsonklam	500 Riverside Dr. N.Y. 25, N.Y.	Mo 2 2310
g	Emelyn & Pete Garofalo Martha Greenbaum	119-40 Union Turn New Gardens, N.Y. 1801 Marmion Ave. N.Y. 60, N.Y.	LI 4 2549 TI 8 2122
h	Pete Hall	470 West End Ave. N.Y.	Tr 3 1906
j	Alan (Yo-yo) Joseph	82-12 233 St. Queens Village, N.Y.	Sp 6 2420
k	David Katz Sue Konheim Stephanie Krasnow	37-21 80 St. Jackson Heights 72, N.Y. 500 West End Ave. N.Y. 143 Douglas Ave. Yonkers, N.Y.	Hi 6 7187 Tr 7 3999 Yo 8 6322
l	Jim Lehrich	1127 E. 13 St. Brooklyn 30, N.Y.	CI 8 3202
m	Al Makboulian Sheldon & Phyllis Maskin Ellner (Dutch) Mayer	8906 Springfield Blvd. Greenvillage, NY 23 Charlotte Place, Plainview, L.I., N.Y. 1010 California Pl. S. Island Pk. N.Y.	Hi 5 4389 Lo 6 5004
o	Joan O'Rourke	1015 California Pl. S. Island Pk. N.Y.	Lo 6 3624w
p	Rita Parr	11 Spring St. N.Y.	Wo 6 1872
r	Helen & Harry Rosenzweig	209-35 86 Dr. Queens Village, N.Y.	Ho 5 3129
s	Debbie & Bob Sacks Jeff Schlanger Phoebe & Jack Sonnenburg Alex Strasser Jo Strasser Hank Sweetbaum	965 Hoe Ave. Bronx 59, N.Y. 50 E. 96 St. N.Y. 28, N.Y. 91 Charles St. N.Y. 30-60 29 St. Long Island City 2, N.Y. 30-60 29 St. Long Island City 2, N.Y. 800 Grand Concourse Bronx, N.Y.	Wy 1 0945 Ar 9 9320 Ch 3 3792 Ra 8 5940 Ra 8 5940 LI 5 7049
w	Elsa Walberg Adele & Martin Weiss Georgd Weisz Bertha Werner Nancy & David Weatherbee Anne Wikler Julia Winston	102-26 92 Ave. L.I. 18, N.Y. 1520 Archer Rd. Bronx 62, N.Y. 252 W. 85 St. N.Y. 24, N.Y. Frankfurt Main-Oberrad, Offenbacherland Dept. of Zoology, U. Conn. Storrs, Conn. 10 Elmsmere Rd. Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers, N.Y.	VI 9 2306 Un 3 3047 En 2 1353 Str. 439, Ger. Mo 8 0878 Yo 3 7417
z	Loth. Zeligor	344 Powers Ave. Bronx 54, N.Y.	Cy. 2 7434
	Ernst & Ilse Bulova	3750 Hudson Manor Terrace Riverdale, NY	KI. 8 3908

THE MAN WHO MAKES NO MISTAKES DOES
NOT USUALLY MAKE ANYTHING.....

The following people were accidentally omitted:

JOE'S

Bernard Lelf	39 Ocean Ave. Brooklyn, N.Y.	UI 6 7710
Paul Prestopino	20 Farm Lane, Roosevelt, N.J.	Hightstown 8 0531-3
Steve Silver	66-37 Yellowstone Blvd. Forest Hills	LI 4 8652
Jonathan Wallach	3875 Waldo Ave. Riverdale 63, N.Y.	KI 3 2327

GIRLS

Carole Blum	90-111 63rd Ave. Rego Park 74, N.Y.	Ha 9 2369
Barbara Zuckerman	3850 Sedgwick Ave. Bronx, N.Y.	KI 6 0953

Please make the following corrections on the preceding pages of names and addresses:

GIRLS

Debbie Alterman	Long Island City	
Gail Angrist	1005 Kipling Rd.	
Debbie Bersin	451 Westminster Rd.	
Carole Cohen		
Jill Euben	Kew Garden Hills	BO 3 8480
Marjory Fields		LI 4 8735
Carol Hoffman	100-29 - 75th Ave.	
Sandra Kahn	125 Central Park West, N.Y.	
Amy Kovner	21 East 81st St. New York N.Y.	Bu 8 2257
Linda Krimsley	108-27 70th Rd. Forest Hills, N.Y.	Bo 3 4026
Lydia Orens	422 East 38th St. Paterson, N.J.	
Suzanne Parken	2675 Ocean Ave.	NI 8 3680
Marion Perkins		Sc 4 8712
Amy Raskin	118 East 93rd St.	
Nora Refner	N.Y.	

Ellen Rosenber	<u>389 Bleecker St. N.Y.</u>	<u>Wa 4 6779</u>
Betty Ross		<u>Er 1 0186</u>
Dotty Schwimmer	764 Carrol Pl. Teaneck <u>N.J.</u>	
<u>BOYS</u>		
Steven Cades	<u>Hunter St.</u>	
Laurence Cohen	70 <u>Green Acres Avenue</u>	
Ronald Danzig	<u>553 Manor Ridge Road</u>	
Roy Duboff	Laurelton 13, <u>Y.</u>	
Neal <u>Fischbein</u>		
Brooke Hart	306 <u>Melbourne Rd.</u>	
Jon Konheim		
Charles Koshetz		<u>Ge 6 8431</u>
Stephen Kurtzer	611 W. <u>239th St.</u>	
Dan Lander	85 Birchall Dr., Scarsdale, N.Y.	<u>Sc 3 7798</u>
Jonathan Marks	117 Park Lane <u>South</u> , Kew Gardens 18, N.Y.	<u>Bo 7 6819</u>
Daniel Perl	6439-98th St., Forest Hills, N.Y.	<u>Tw 6 1915</u>
<u>Matthew Pollack</u>		
Ben Rifkin	3835 <u>Bailey Ave.</u>	
Alan Snyder	N.Y. <u>40</u>	
Stanley Liebowitz		<u>Ct 2 5075</u>
<u>Colin</u>		
Michael Baker	Brooklyn <u>18</u> , N.Y.	
Elly Citkowitz		<u>Kl 9 6652</u>
Eliot Lerman		
Marcia Levy		
Ira Miller		<u>Gl 2 1878</u>
Emily Perl		<u>Tw 6 1915</u>
Isabel Raskin	<u>118 East 93rd St.</u>	
Waiter Tillow	<u>101 East 169th St.</u>	<u>Wa 2 1382</u>
<u>J.C.'s</u>		
Jerry Pollen	<u>105 Pinehurst Ave.</u>	<u>Wa 8 3251</u>
<u>COUNSELORS</u>		
Eleanor Mayer		
David Dion	RFD#1 Tilton, N.H.	
<u>GIRLS (continued)</u>		
Ann Blumenfeld	<u>825 West End Ave., N.Y. 25</u>	<u>Mo 3 8661</u>

.....THERE IS NOTHING GOOD OR
EVIL EXCEPT IN THE WILL.....



C.I.T.S

ANDY ALPERN
MIKE BAKER
PETER BAY
HANK BERG
LINDA BERWITZ
MIKE BLONSTEIN
JO BULOVA
ALAN CAHN
ELLY CITKOWITZ
TERRY DAVIDSON
ELLEN DIAMOND
SETH GOLDSTEIN
STAN GOTTLIEB
MIKE JACOBS
ANN KASSNER
JANE LASHINS
BOBBY LEEDS
ELLIOT LERMAN
MARCIA LEVY
ARTHUR LINDO
MARTY LOWY

an order of garters
Loie
baying at the moon
the 5th myrtle
wrapped up and sold
one farm hour
Rima, Rena and Rita
Rita Hayworth
all wet
good to the last drop
a letter to Granny
a few concrete ideas
in the DARKroom
an air pump
green hair
detachablepos
a grandfather watch
creasoting
a good hearty belly laugh
unlimited Gretzes
the cock who thought the sun had
risen to hear him crow

TED MAXLER
 GEORGE MARCUS
 IRA MILLER
 EMMY PERL
 PHYLLIS PORESKEY
 DON RASKIN
 IZZY RASKIN
 JOYCE RAYVID
 KAY RIBACK
 MUNRO ROSS
 MERI SCHACTER
 WALLY TILLOW
 SUE WALLENSTEIN
 SUSI WILLNER

an augmented E47+11
 no regrets
 a permanent wave
 unsponsored nursery rhymes
 a busy afternoon
 exclaiming, "She's not my sister,"
 complaining, "He's not my brother,"
 a red eyebrow pencil
 hoo-hoo-HOO-hoo
 an African safari
 the American Tobacco Company
 a midwife
 unrecorded
 without Willner anything



J.C.S.

DAVE DOBKIN
 PETER EUBEN
 STEVE GOLDSTEIN
 ARTHUR LAUFER
 BERNIE LEIF
 JERRY POLLEN
 KENNY POPE
 PAUL PRESTOPINO
 STEVE SILVER
 JERRY STOLLER
 JONNY WALLACH
 DAN WILE
 PETER YAMIN
 RONA ZALL

potatoes for his garden
 corn
 a gold brick
 devotioning
 a ripe tomato
 a cool Kater
 a pickup business
 a pack of Scarguard
 worth his weight
 a soap box
 windshield wipers for his eyeglasses
 once in a while
 electrocuted
 an interesting brother-in-law

COUNSELORS

DORIS ADLER
 JESSE ADLER
 SARA ALLAN
 HARRY ALLAN
 GERALD "RED" BARDEN
 BOB BENSON
 ADELAIDE BERGEN
 LLOYD "BERGIE" BERGEN
 ALAN BLANK
 STEVE BULOVA
 LES CHARLOW
 PETE COHEN
 ALAN "YO-YO" JOSEPH
 DAVE KATZ
 SUE KUNHEIM
 STEPHIE KRASHAW
 JIM LEHRICH
 AL MAKBOULIAN
 PHYLLIS MASKIN
 SHELDON MASKIN
 ELINOR "DUTCH" MAYER
 JOAN "SEXY" O'ROARKE
 RITA PARR
 HELEN ROSENSWEIG
 HARRY ROSENSWEIG
 DEBBIE SACKS
 JOE SACKS
 DICK SCHIFFER
 JEFF SCHLANGER
 PHOEBE SONNENBERG
 JACK SONNENBERG
 ALEX STRASSER
 JOE STRASSER
 ANNA SURASKY
 HANK SWEETBAUM
 ELSA "FENCY" WALBERG
 NANCY WEATHERBEE
 DAVE WEATHERBEE
 ADELE WEISS
 MARTY WEISS
 GEORGE WEISZ
 HERTA WERNER
 ANNE WIKLER
 JULIA WINSTON
 LEAH ZELIGER
 ERIC EISENKLEIN
 EMELYN GAROFULO
 PETE GAROFULO
 MARTHA GREENBAUM
 PETE HALL

ILSE BULOVA
 ERNEST BULOVA

answers to stupid questions
 breaking through the sound barrier
 night shirts
 even shorter meetings
 horsin' around
 the rest of the B-bar-B riders
 lloydering
 a glass of water
 a muted fly swatter
 playing a duet with Arthur Godfrey
 a chocolate-covered halvah egg cream float
 a Derringer water pistol
 marching with the saints
 a baton tree
 10,2,3,-11,2,3,-12,2,3
 a gross of phonographs
 an interview with Bob Sacks
 30,000 salami sandwiches
 seven hands
 phylling rifles
 overnight
 queen of the wild frontier
 up to---
 a new door
 a volley ball
 on the road to the isles
 another "Oscar"
 turning over in his gravy
 clinging to the sides of a bowl
 a phobia
 a two month calender
 a Hindu stabi chef
 out
 a straight down-hill road
 a convertable truck
 "Good morning, Steve and Eric"
 URPing
 a do-it yourselfdissection kit
 an automatic uncreative collator
 an edelweis
 weiszing up
 an air-conditioned office
 winking her eye
 a perfect yearbook
 an a,arm clock
 Mr. Banjo
 tied and dyed
 bowled over
 nine little girls in two staight lines
 pumping Ethyl
 no troubles
 speechless

ERNIE AS THE "COW CATCHER" ON "WHAT'S MY LINE"

THE HEAT WAVE

THE ONE-DOLLAR CALF

SINGING "HEY, LOLLY, LOLLY, LO" WITH PETE SEEGER

THE SMELL OF HOT BUTTERED CORN

OSWALD'S BIRTHDAY

do you remember?

TURKEY FOR C.I.T. SNACK

MADELEINE'S APPENDICITIS

THE GONG RINGING
136 TIMES

ERNIE THREATENING TO ROLL SOMEONE DOWN A HILL IN A SPIKED BARREL

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

"EIGHT ONION PEELERS WANTED! (GOOD PREPARATION FOR
ACTORS IN "BURY THE DEAD")"

"CONCRETE IS BEING POURED THIS MORNING! IF YOU WANT TO BE
'IMBEDDED, DROP IN."

"ONLY THE SIX DEAD SOLDIERS AND THEIR
WIVES REHEARSE TODAY. DAY OFF FOR THE
LIVING."

"IF IT RAINS, "BURY THE DEAD" IN THE BOYS' HOUSE LOUNGE"

THE FRENCH COOK'S "CORN"

THE LIGHTS GOING OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF RENA'S DANCE

THE SIGN ON THE PORCH, "HARRY FOR PRESIDENT"

THE SURPRISE PARTY FOR JO, WITH A CAKE THE SIZE OF A DICTIONARY

CHOPSTICKS, ECHOING DAY AND NIGHT FROM THE GIRLS HOUSE

THE EIGHT TONS OF BRICK UNLOADED
ON THE SEPTIC TANK BY A CERTAIN J.C.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS CAMPER WHO WENT LOOKING FOR
A LEFT-HANDED MONKEY WRENCH AND ELBOW GREASE

THE SIXTEEN TONS OF STEEL GIRDERS

THE RAIN, RAIN, RAIN, RAIN
AFTER THE HEAT, HEAT, HEAT, HEAT

THE OCTOPUSES, OCTOPI, OCTOPODI

THE TWO-PENNY, TWO-NICKEL PROCEDURE
WITH THE MILK MACHINE

JEFF CHAMBERS SWIMMING TO THE RAFT WITH A TRAY
OF FRENCH FRIED POTATOES IN HIS HAND

THE C.I.T. DISTRIBUTING PIECES OF GUM AFTER THE BIRTH OF URP

THE PEOPLE WHO "HELPED" IN THE PUBLICATIONS SHOP BY
TYPING A STENCIL WITHOUT SETTING THE TYPEWRITER ON
"STENCIL," BY RUNNING OFF A PAGE UPSIDE DOWN, BY
COLLATING BACKWARDS, AND BY COMPLAINING THAT THEIR
NAMES WERE OMITTED FROM THE STAFF, AFTER ALL THEIR WORK.

THE COMMENT AT THE C.S.P.P.C.
MEETING: "PEOPLE LIKE TO BUY
CUTE LITTLE CERAMIC FIGURES
LIKE DONKEYS AND PIGS, TO REMEMBER BUCK'S ROCK."

THE LAMPOON ISSUE

"I'LL CLUE YOU IN"

"I GOT NEWS FOR YOU"

"THAT'S THE BREAKS OF THE GAME"

COMPILED BY ELLEN DIAMOND, DON RASKIN, AND SUSI
WILLNER

ADVISERS:

DESIGN Julia Winston
LITERARY Adele F. Weiss
PHOTOGRAPHY Martin Weiss
George Weisz
PRODUCTION Jim Lehrich
SILK SCREEN Emelyn Garofolo

J.C.'S

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PRINT SHOP Peter Yamin

C.I.T.'S

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PHOTO SHOP Mike Baker
Stan Gottlieb
Don Raskin
PRINT SHOP Hank Berg
Mike Jacobs
PUBLICATIONS Ellen Diamond
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Don Raskin

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Ellen Rosenberg
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Bobbie Ross
Alice Saland
Arnie Saland
Betty Schwimmer
Dick Schiffer
Natale Siegel
Madeleine Soyka
Sue Swick
Bob Teltelbaum
Sue Teschner
Judy Weiss
Lee Weiss
Penelope Weiss
Richard West
Jonny Winston
Ricky Winston
Stu Wurtzel

CORRECTION: The photograph opposite the conclusion is the social hall porch, and it was taken by Peter O. Jasen.

Hank Berg should have been included among the drama C.I.T.s and Don Raskin among the photo C.I.T.s.





I have been to a utopia.

I have done things very few teenagers have been privileged to do.

I mixed work and culture and play into one - one hour, one day,
one summer - one feeling.

I met people who were proud to be individualists.

I learned skills and information which may be useless - farming,
using expensive tools, building chairs.

I learned skills and information that will be tried again and again -
writing, tennis, psychology, singing.

I found happiness and satisfaction in learning and doing.

I packed my summer with activities, people and learning.

I

hey all made a busy summer and a full life.

autographs

WE'LL BE SEEING YOU...

DO WIDZENIA

AU REVOIR

deix super....

NA SCHLEDANOU

side....

AUF WIEDERSEHN.....

ARRIVEDERCI A DOMANI.....

OSZTANTYE ZBOHON

Os va i dōdōmēn wāgnr

ISTEN ALGYON MEG.....

S'LONG.....

母見

госвиданол

HASTA LA VISTA.....

